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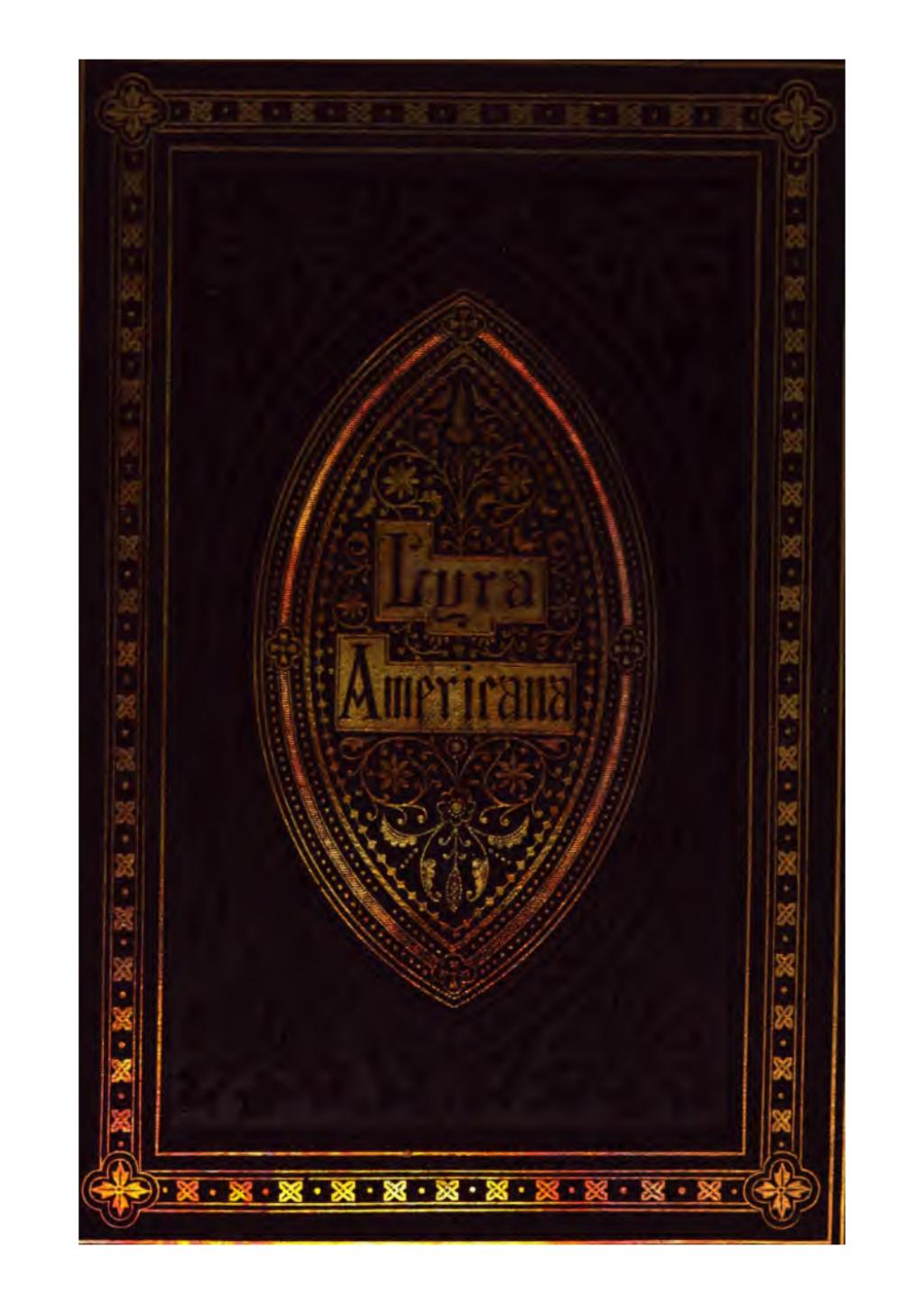
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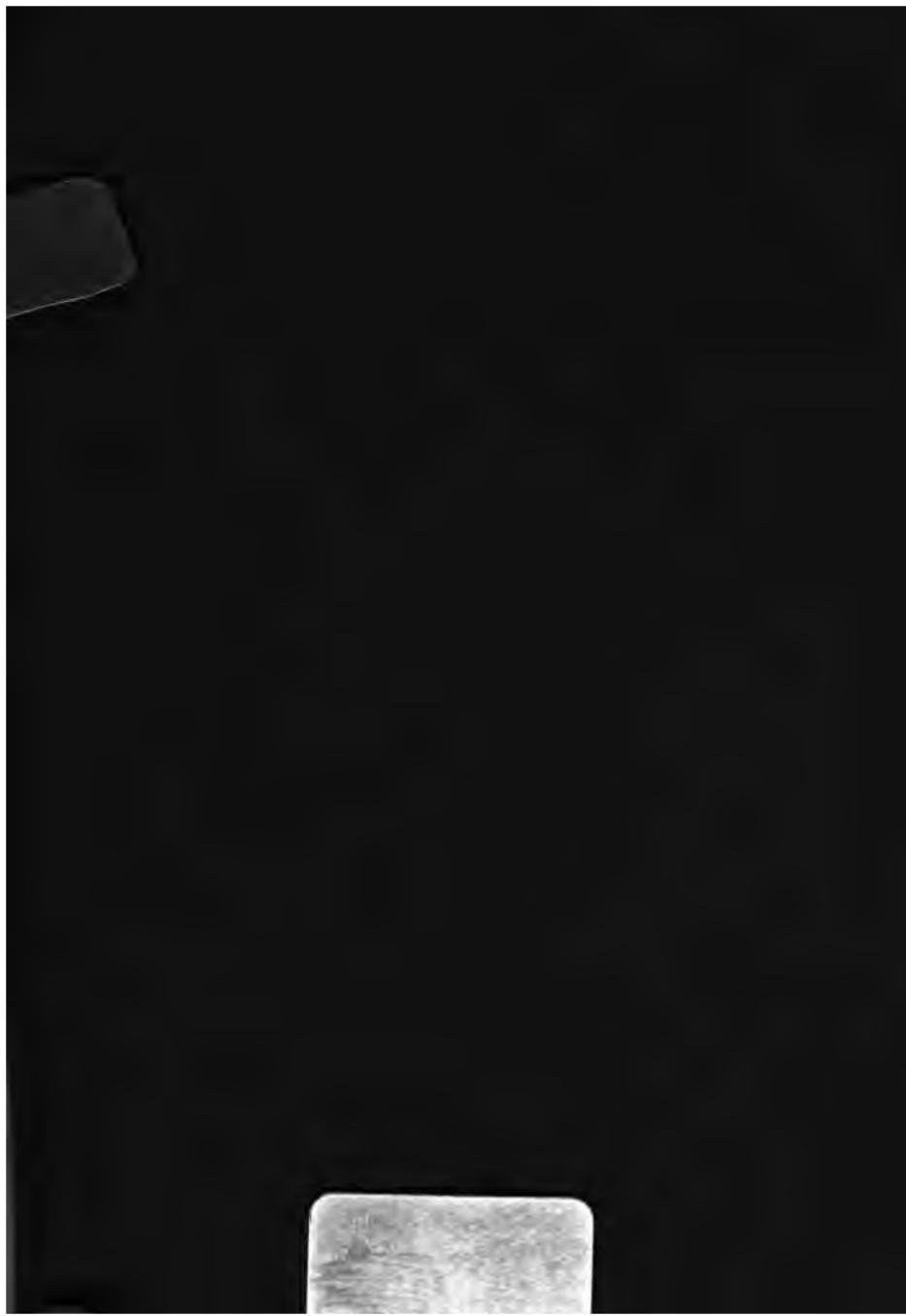
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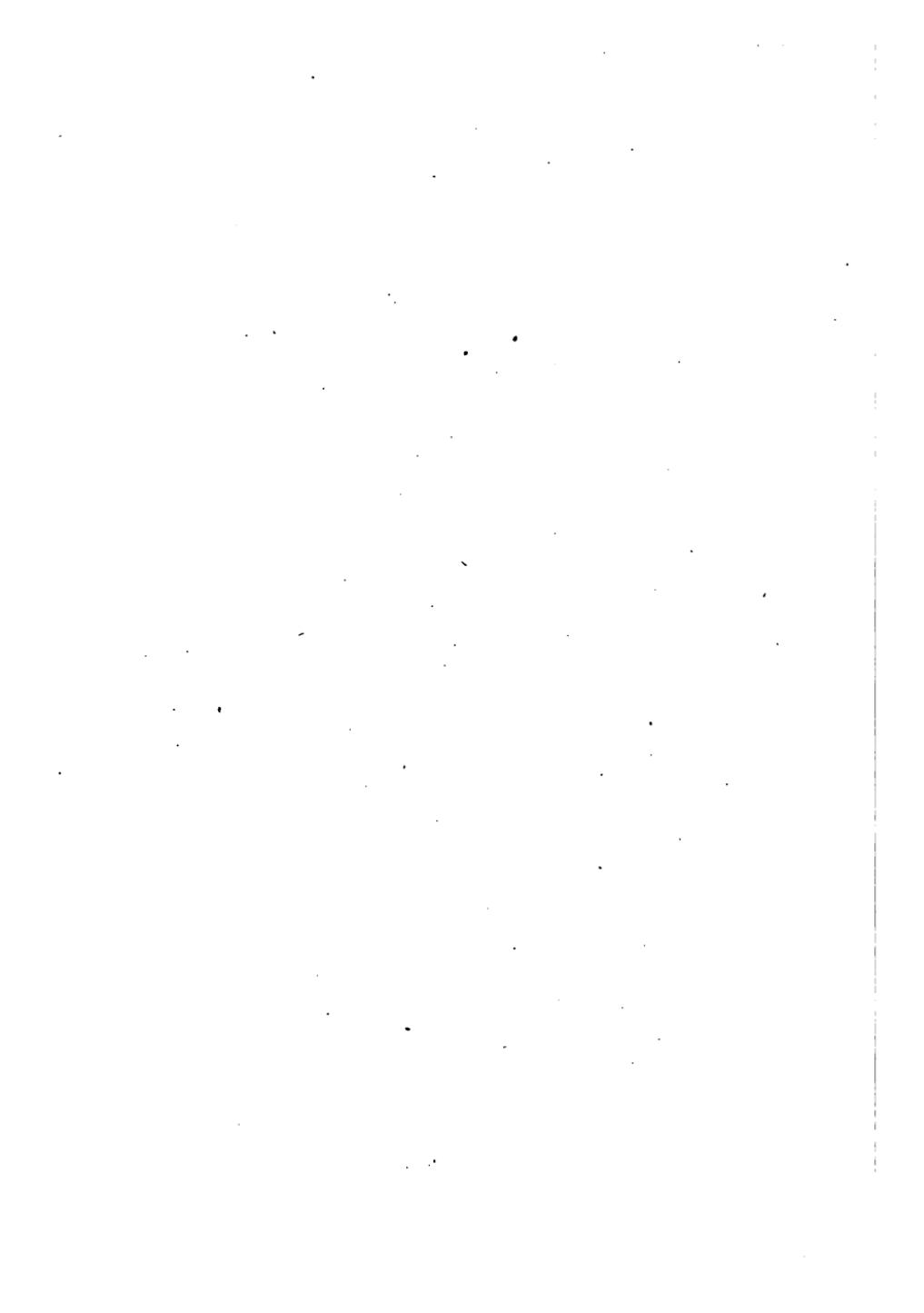
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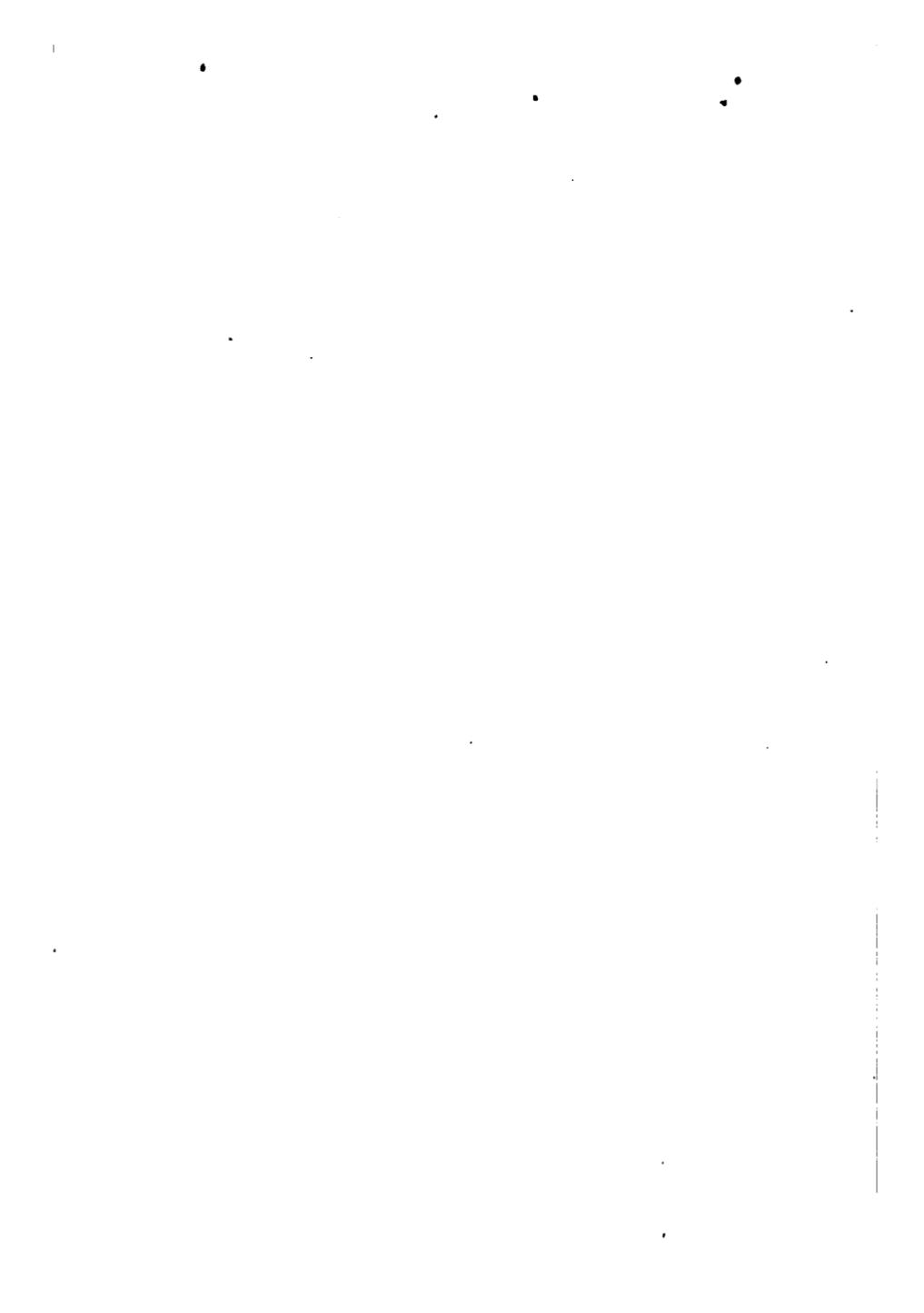


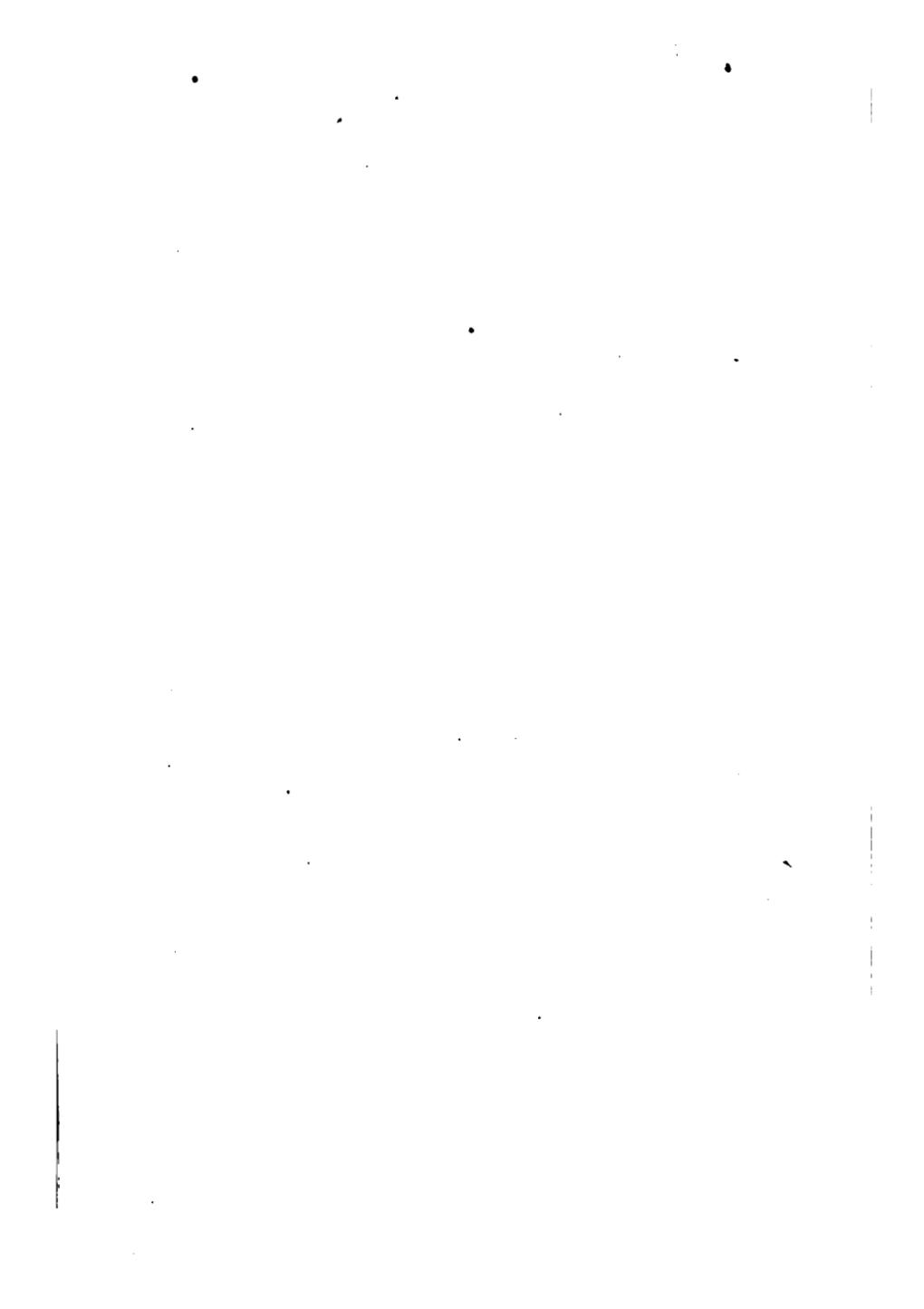
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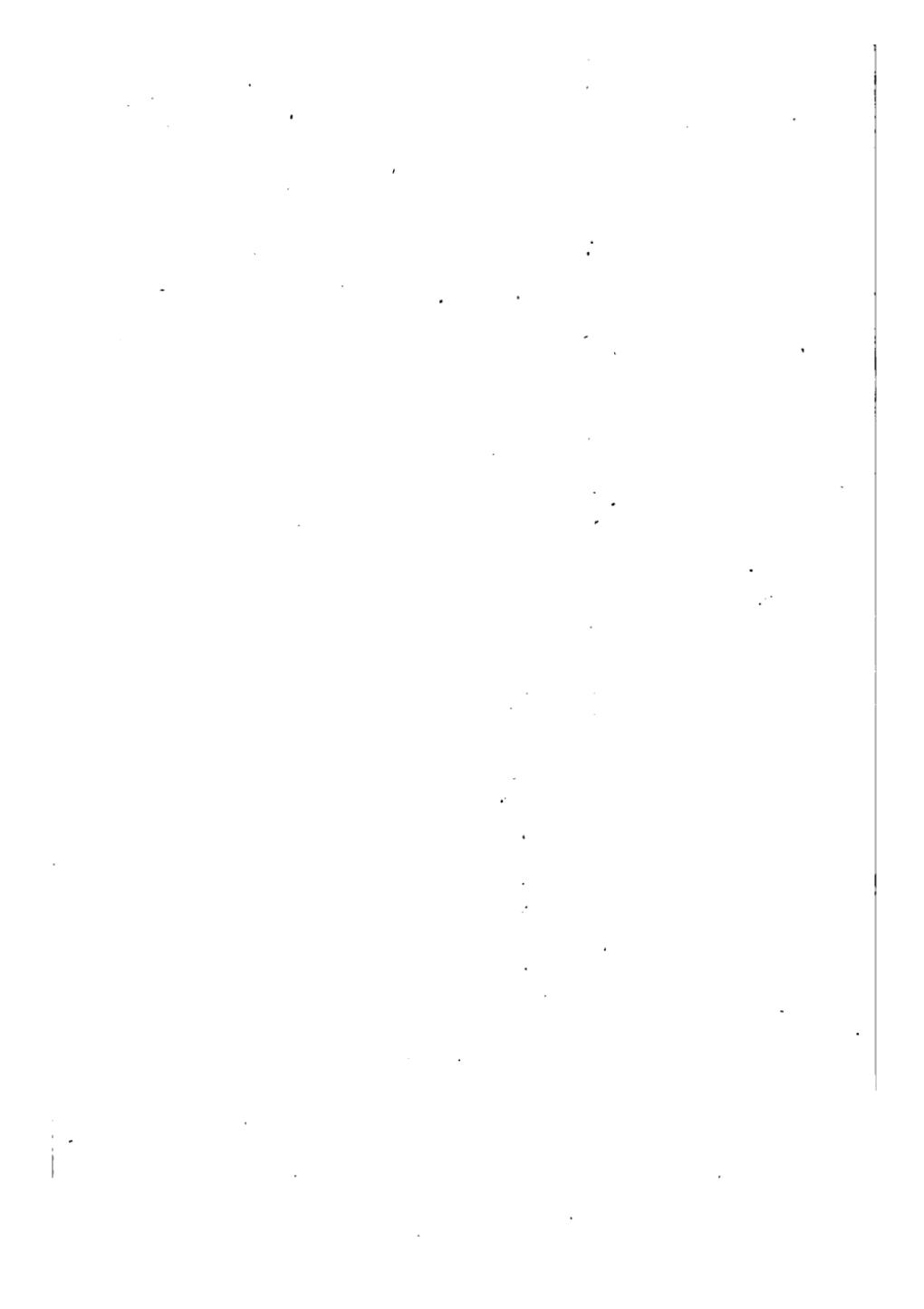






Lyra Americana.





Lyra Americana:

Hymns of Praise and Faith,

FROM

AMERICAN POETS.



London:

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,
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PREFACE.



WHO centuries and a half ago, “ holy Mr. Herbert” sadly meditating, in his Bemerton Parsonage, on the decay of piety throughout our country, looked hopefully across the Atlantic to the New England just coming into existence on the shores of the Western hemisphere, and wrote—

“ Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.”

His forebodings for Britain have not been fulfilled. The “ candlestick” is not “ removed out of his place.” We are not abandoned to the darkness and death which our sins have so often deserved. But America has received what we have not lost, in far larger measure than Herbert could have anticipated. At the time he wrote, only two feeble English settlements had been formed on that vast continent, where our language and race

were to spread so widely. The French had gained a precarious foothold in what is now Canada. Spanish Colonies just fringed the southern shores of the territory held by the United States. All the rest consisted of primeval forest and prairie, whose vast solitudes were penetrated only by the Indian and Aztec. Eight generations have sufficed to change an unpeopled wilderness into a great and mighty people, with a history and a literature of its own.

The first English poem produced in America is said to have appeared in the same year in which Herbert was inducted to Bemerton (1630).* It was originally written in Latin, but was translated into English by its author, the Rev. William Morrell, who was one of the earliest settlers, having arrived at Plymouth in the year 1623. The poem, if such a title may be given to these rude unmetered lines, is a description of New England. It commences :—

“The place where we live is a wilderness wood,
Where grass is much wanting that’s fruitful and good :
Our mountains and hills, and our valleys below
Being commonly covered with ice and with snow ;
But when the north-west wind with violence blows
Then every man pulls his cap over his nose ;
But if any’s so hardy and will it withstand,
He forfeits a finger, a foot, or a hand.”

* See “Historical Introduction to Poets and Poetry of America,” by Rufus W. Griswold.

Continuing in this strain for a series of verses, it thus concludes :—

“ But you whom the Lord intends hither to bring
Forsake not the honey for fear of the sting ;
But bring both a quiet and contented mind
And all needful blessings you surely will find.”

About ten years later (1640) the first book printed in America appeared. It was “ The Psalms in Metre, faithfully Translated for the Use, Edification, and Comfort of the Saints, in Public and Private, especially in New England.” Like the Scotch version of the Psalms, it was distinguished by a rugged fidelity to the original rather than any literary or poetical merit. “ If,” say the translators, “ our verses are not always so smooth and elegant as some may desire and expect, let them consider that God’s altar needs not our polishings ; for we have respected rather a plain translation, than to smooth our verses with the sweetness of any paraphrase, and so have attended to conscience rather than elegance, and fidelity rather than poetry.”

The following extract from a second and revised edition, in which the gravest faults had been amended, may serve to show that this explanation and apology were not uncalled for :—

“ The Lord’s song sing can wee, being
In stranger’s land ? then let
Lose her skill my right hand if I
Jerusalem forget.

“ Let cleave my tongue, my pallate on
 If mind thee doe not I,
 If chiefe joyes o'er I prize not more
 Jerusalem my joy.”

Amongst the translators and versifiers of this New England Psalter, was John Eliot, the Apostle of the Indians.

Next in the list of American poets, is Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, “ the mirror of her age, and the glory of her sex,” as Norton styled her, adding, “ that if Virgil were to hear her poetry, he would condemn his own works to the fire.” John Rogers, President of Harvard College, was scarcely less enthusiastic. In a poetical address to her, he declares that her little volume of poems,—

“ Shall great Colossus be to your eternal fame.

A single verse from this “ prodigy of parts” will suffice :—

“ O Time, the fatal wrack of mortal things,
 That draws oblivion’s curtains over kings,
 Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,
 Their names without a record are forgot,
 Their parts, their posts, their pomps all laid in th’ dust ;
 Nor wit, nor gold, nor buildings, ‘scape time’s rust ;
 But he whose name is grav’d in the white stone
 Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.”

Some years later (1676), Peter Foulger, a Quaker schoolmaster at Nantucket, and the grand-

father of Benjamin Franklin, threw his thoughts into verse, in a volume entitled “The Looking-Glass for the Times.” He quaintly expounds his ecclesiastical and political creed in these lines :—

“ The rulers in the country, I do owne them in the Lord ;
And such as are for government, with them I do accord.
But that which I intend thereby, is that they would keep
bound,
And meddle not with God’s worship, for which they have
no ground.
And I am not alone herein, there’s many hundreds more
That have for many years ago spoke much upon that
score,
Indeed, I really believe, its not your business,
To meddle with the Church of God in matters more or
less.”

Cotton Mather, eminent in his day as a preacher, scholar, and theologian, was ambitious of further distinguishing himself as a poet ; but without much success. Indeed, when it is remembered that he left behind him three hundred and eighty-two printed works, besides a vast amount of unpublished manuscript, it will be felt that he had little leisure to woo the Muse of poetry. A favourable specimen of his style is afforded by the concluding lines of his “Remarks on the Bright and Dark Side of that American Pillar, the Rev. William Thomson :”—

“ Long had the churches begg’d the saint’s release ;
Released at last, he dies in glorious peace.
The night is not so long, but Phosphor’s ray
Approaching glories doth on high display :

Faith's eye in him discerned the morning star,
His heart leap'd—sure the sun cannot be far.
In ecstacies of joy he ravished cries,
'Love, love the LAMB, the LAMB!' in whom he dies."

Whilst the authorship of our North American Colonies was restricted to these rude attempts at versification, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and their illustrious associates were producing strains which "the world will not willingly let die." There can scarcely be a greater contrast than that afforded by the humble and pedestrian verse of the colonists, and the majestic and melodious poems produced in such profusion by their contemporaries at home.

Even these feeble attempts at authorship did not find favour in all quarters. There were those who looked with aversion and suspicion upon all mental activity. Thus Sir William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia (1660), wrote, "I thank God there are no free schools or printing-presses here, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years. For learning has brought in heresies, and disobedience, and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them. God keep us from both." It was not indeed till after the Independence of the United States had been secured, that her writers displayed originality of thought,* correctness of diction, or

* The Theologians of New England form an exception to this criticism.

beauty of style. The pieces in this volume are all of them selected from the works of writers who have flourished since the revolution.

If America has, as yet, produced no great epic poem, no

“ Bard sublime,
Whose sounding footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time,”

she has been remarkably rich in poetry of the second class. Not a few of her writers may justly claim a very high place amongst the minor poets. For purity of sentiment, smoothness and facility of versification, gracefulness of imagery, true and tender pathos, many of the lyric poets of America need not fear comparison with any which the Old World has produced. Of these qualities, some admirable illustrations will be found amongst the following selections.

If the plan of this work had allowed a memoir of the various authors to be added, it would have appeared that they belong to almost every portion of the evangelical Church. Few of the sections into which Christians are divided would be without its representative. Yet it would be difficult, or even impossible, to determine the ecclesiastical or doctrinal *status* of each writer from the internal evidence afforded by his devotional poetry. The great object of their adoration and their grateful love, is “Christ

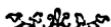
crucified." All are one in Him. Differences are merged in a common unity when He is the theme. With "diversity of gifts" there is but "one spirit." They know but one Saviour and "one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all."

The present volume is based upon one prepared by the Rev. Geo. T. Rider, of America; of which, however, not very much beyond the title has been retained. It is hoped that in its present form it may prove helpful to many who desire to fulfil the Apostolic injunction,—"Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."





HYMNS OF ADORATION.



Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet.

 BLESSED Jesus ! when I see thee
bending,
Girt as a servant, at thy servants' feet,
Love, lowliness, and might, in zeal all
blending,
To wash their dust away, and make them meet
To share thy feast ; I know not to adore,
Whether, thy humbleness or glory more.

Conscious thou art of that dread hour impending,
When thou must hang in anguish on the tree ;
Yet, as from the beginning, to the ending
Of thy sad life, thine own are dear to thee,—
And thou wilt prove to them, ere thou dost part,
The untold love which fills thy faithful heart.

The day, too, is at hand, when, far ascending,
 Thy human brow the crown of God shall wear,
 Ten thousand saints and radiant ones attending
 To do thy will and bow in homage there ;
 But thou dost pledge, to guard thy church from ill
 Or bless with good, thyself a servant still.

Meek Jesus ! to my soul thy spirit lending,
 Teach me to live, like thee, in lowly love ;
 With humblest service all thy saints befriending,
 Until I serve before thy throne above—
 Yes ! serving e'en my foes, for thou didst seek
 The feet of Judas in thy service meek.

Daily my pilgrim feet, as homeward wending
 My weary way, are sadly stained with sin ;
 Daily do thou, thy precious grace extending,
 Wash me all clean without, and clean within,
 And make me fit to have a part with thee
 And thine, at last, in heaven's festivity.

O blessed name of SERVANT ! comprehending
 Man's highest honour in his humblest name ;
 For thou, God's Christ, that office recommending,
 The throne of mighty power didst truly claim ;
 He who would rise like thee, like thee must owe
 His glory only to his stooping low.

George W. Bethune.

“When I Awake I am Still with Thee.”

 TILL, still with thee, when purple
morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows
flee ;

Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, *I am with thee!*

Alone with thee ! amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness, thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with thee ! as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness awaking,
Breathe each new day, nearness to thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer,
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
 When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee ;
 Oh ! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
 Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with thee.

Mrs. Stowe.

Gethsemane.

 EYOND where Cedron's waters flow,
 Behold the suffering Saviour go
 To sad Gethsemane ;
 His countenance is all divine,
 Yet grief appears in every line.

He bows beneath the sins of men ;
 He cries to God, and cries again,
 In sad Gethsemane ;
 He lifts His mournful eyes above—
 “ My Father, can this cup remove ? ”

With gentle resignation still,
 He yielded to his Father's will
 In sad Gethsemane ;
 “ Behold Me here, thine only Son ;
 And, Father, let thy will be done.”

The Father heard ; and angels, there,
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
 In sad Gethsemane ;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain—
Then rose to life and joy again.

When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
 To sad Gethsemane
We 'll look, and see the Saviour there,
And humbly bow, like Him, in prayer.

S. F. Smith

Calvary.



SACRED Head, now wounded,
 With grief and shame weighed down ;
Now scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, thine only crown ;
O sacred Head, what glory,
 What bliss till now was thine ;
Yet though despised and gory,
 I joy to call thee mine.

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
 Was all for sinners' gain :
Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But thine the deadly pain.

Lo, here I fall, my Saviour !
 'Tis I deserve thy place ;
 Look on me with thy favour
 Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

The joy can ne'er be spoken,
 Above all joys beside,
 When, in thy body broken,
 I thus with safety hide.
 Lord of my life, desiring,
 Thy glory now to see,
 Beside thy cross expiring
 I'd breathe my soul to thee.

What language shall I borrow
 To thank thee, dearest Friend,
 For this thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end !
 O make me thine for ever ;
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never
 Outlive my love for thee.

Be near me when I'm dying,
 O, show thy cross to me !
 And to my succour flying,
 Come, Lord, and set me free !

These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move,
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

Gerhardt, translated by J. W. Alexander.

Strength from the Cross.

“ T is finished !” Man of Sorrows !
From thy cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.

While extended there we view thee,
Mighty sufferer ! draw us to thee,
Sufferer victorious !

Not in vain for us, uplifted,
Man of Sorrows, wonder-gifted !
May that sacred emblem be ;

Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to thee !

Still to thee ! whose love unbounded,
Sorrow’s depths for us hath sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.

Honoured be thy cross for ever ;
 Star, that points our high endeavour
 Whither thou hast gone before !

T. H. Hedge.

Vexilla Regis.



ORTH flames the standard of our King,
 Bright gleams the mystic sign,
 Where life bore death of suffering,
 And death wrought life divine.

The stabs of the accursed spear,
 Brought forth the healing flood,
 To cleanse sin's stains so dark and drear,
 With water and with blood.

Fulfilled is each prophetic word,
 Each faith-inspiring strain,
 Telling the nations of that Lord,
 Who, by the Cross, should reign.

Hail, Cross of Christ ! man's only hope ;
 While now we gaze and pray,
 Dear Lord, th' exhaustless fountains ope,
 And wash our sins away.

Bishop Williams

A New Commandment.



ENEATH the shadow of the Cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of Love.

O bond of union strong and deep !
O bond of perfect peace !
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be thy Spirit ours !
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

S. Longfellow.

Christ our Passover.



NCE the angel started back,
When he saw the blood-stained door,
Pausing on his vengeful track,
And the dwelling passing o'er.
Once the sea from Israel fled,
Ere it rolled o'er Egypt's dead.

Now our Passover is come,
 Dimly shadowed in the past,
 And the very Paschal Lamb,
 Christ, the Lord, is slain at last ;
 Then, with hearts and hands made meet,
 Our unleavened bread we 'll eat.

Blessed victim sent from heaven,
 Whom all angel hosts obey,
 To whose will all earth is given,
 At whose word hell shrinks away,
 Thou hast conquered death's dread strife,
 Thou hast brought us light and life.

Bishop Williams.

Ter Sanctus.

 HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord,
 Bright in thy deeds and in thy Name ;
 For ever be thy Name adored,
 Thy glories let the world proclaim.

O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
 To take our load of sins away,
 Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide,
 Along the realms of upper day.

O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

O God Triune, to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song ;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint's and seraph's burning tongue.

J. W. Eastburn.

The Mystery of God.

 O human eyes thy face may see ;
No human thought thy form may know ;
But all creation dwells in thee,
And thy great life through all doth flow !

And yet, O strange and wondrous thought !
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek thy present aid may dare.

And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream,
To see and know th' Eternal Mind ;

Yet thou wilt turn them not aside,
 Who cannot solve thy life divine,
 But would give up all reason's pride
 To know their hearts approved by thine.

So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
 And Thought grow weak, and Knowledge flee,
 Yet Faith shall teach us courage still,
 And Love shall guide us on to thee.

T. W. Higginson.

The Kingdom of Christ.

HEN God descends with men to dwell,
 And all creation wakes anew,
 What tongue can half the wonders tell ?
 What eye the dazzling glory view ?

Zion, the desolate, again
 Shall see her lands with roses bloom ;
 And Carmel's mount, and Sharon's plain,
 Shall yield their spices and perfume.

Celestial streams shall gently flow ;
 The wilderness shall joyful be ;
 Lilies on parchéd ground shall grow ;
 And gladness spring on every tree.

The weak be strong, the fearful bold,
The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,
The lame shall walk, the blind behold,
And joy through all the earth shall ring.

Monarchs and slaves shall meet in love;
Old Pride shall die, and Meekness reign,
When God descends from worlds above,
To dwell with men on earth again.

H. Ballou.

The Banner of the Cross.



LING out the Banner ! let it float
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide ;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The Cross, on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the Banner ! Angels bend,
In anxious silence, o'er the sign ;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

Fling out the Banner ! Heathen lands
Shall see, from far, the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the Banner ! Sin-sick souls,
 That sink and perish in the strife,
 Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
 And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the Banner ! Let it float
 Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide ;
 Our glory, only in the Cross ;
 Our only hope the Crucified.

Fling out the Banner ! Wide and high,
 Sea-ward and sky-ward, let it shine :
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours ;
 We conquer only in that sign.

Bishop Doane.

The Word.

 N the beginning was the Word :
 Athwart the chaos-night
 It gleamed with quick creative power,
 And there was life and light.

Thy Word, O God ! is living yet,
 Amid earth's restless strife
 New harmony creating still,
 And ever higher life.

And, as that Word moves surely on,
The light, ray after ray,
Streams farther out athwart the dark,
And night grows into day.

O Word that broke the stillness first,
Sound on ! and never cease
Till all earth's darkness be made light,
And all her discord peace !

Till wail of woe, and clank of chain,
And bruit of battle stilled—
The world with thy great music's pulse,
O Word of Love ! be thrilled.

Till selfish passion, strife, and wrong,
Thy summons shall have heard,
And thy creation be complete,
O thou Eternal Word !

S. Longfellow.

Jerusalem, my Home?



ERUSALEM, my Home,
I see thy walls arise ;
Their jasper clear and sardine stone
Flash radiance through the skies :

In clouds of heaven descending,
With angel train attending,
Thy gates of glistening pearl unfold
On streets of glassy gold.
No sun is there, no day or night ;
But of sevenfold splendours bright,
Thy Temple is the **LIGHT OF LIGHT,**
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,
Where shines the royal Throne,
Each king casts down his golden crown
Before the Lamb thereon.
Thence flows the crystal river,
And, flowing on for ever,
With leaves and fruits on either hand,
The Tree of Life shall stand.
In blood-washed robes, all white and fair,
The Lamb shall lead His chosen there,
While clouds of incense fill the air,
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,
Where saints in triumph sing,
While, tuned in tones of golden harps,
Heaven's boundless arches ring.

No more in tears and sighing
Our weak hosannas dying,
But hallelujahs loud and high
 Roll thundering through the sky.
One chorus thrills their countless throngs;
Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues
Fill them with overwhelming songs,
 Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,
 Thou sole all-glorious Bride,
Creation shouts with joy to see
 Thy Bridegroom at thy side :
 The Man yet interceding,
 His hands and feet once bleeding,
And Him the angel hosts adore
 LORD GOD for evermore,
And “ Holy, Holy, Holy,” cry
The choirs that crowd thy courts on high.
Resounding everlasting,
 Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,
 Where saints in glory reign,
Thy haven safe, O when shall I,
 Poor storm-tossed pilgrim, gain ?

At distance dark and dreary,
 With sin and sorrow weary,
 For thee I toil, for thee I pray,
 For thee I long alway.
 And lo ! mine eyes shall see thee, too :
 O rend in twain, thou vail of blue,
 And let the Golden City through—
 Jerusalem, my Home !

J. H. Hopkins, Jun.

“**S**o they did Eat and were Filled.”

SHOUSANDS completely fed
 With a few loaves of bread
 Such as would barely form one house-
 hold's fare,
 And, when the feast was o'er,
 The fragments were a store
 Enough for needy hundreds still to share !

What was the power that wrought
 This wonder passing thought ?
 What but that WORD divine, which called of yore
 Systems and suns to grace
 The mighty realms of space,
 And then with life and beauty spread them o'er ?

God only can create ;
None less could arrogate
The power to sway all nature with a nod :
O Christ, be thou adored !
For that creative word
Which blessed the bread, was God's,—and thou art
God !

Joseph H. Clinch.

The Sacrifice of Praise.

 ORD with glowing heart I'll praise thee,
For the bliss thy love bestows ;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows :
Help, O Lord, my weak endeavour,
This dull soul to rapture raise :
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray ;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away :
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained Cross appear.

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
 Vainly would my lips express :
 Low before thy footstep kneeling,
 Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless :
 Let thy grace, my soul's chief pleasure,
 Love's pure flame within me raise ;
 And since words can never measure,
 Let my love show forth thy praise.

S. F. Key.

“A Great King, above all Gods.”



OW pleasing is thy voice,
 O Lord, our heavenly King ;
 That bids the frosts retire,
 And wakes the lovely spring !

The rains return,
 The ice distills,
 And plains and hills
 Forget to mourn.

The morn with glory crowned,
 Thy hand arrays in smiles ;
 Thou bid'st the eve decline,
 Rejoicing o'er the hills.
 Soft suns ascend ;
 The mild wind blows ;
 And beauty glows
 To earth's far end.

Thy showers make soft the fields ;
On every side behold
The ripening harvest wave
Their loads of richest gold !
The labourers sing
With cheerful voice,
And, blest, rejoice
In God, their King.

The thunder is His voice ;
His arrows blazing fires ;
He glows in yonder sun,
And smiles in starry choirs.
The balmy breeze
His breath perfumes ;
His beauty blooms
In flowers and trees.

With life He clothes the spring ;
The earth with summer warms ;
He spreads th' autumnal feast,
And rides in wintry storms.
His gifts divine
Through all appear,
And round the year
His glories shine.

Dwight.

Christus Congolator.

LIFTED hands of sovereign might,
That spread beyond where sin can
dare !

O tender eyes, whose loving light
Strikes through a blind world's dull
despair.

Let me not thrust before thine eyes,
That seek where martyrs watch and wait,
A thankless life, that idly lies,
And brings no service, soon or late.

So many bondmen to release !
And devils dumb to exorcise,
Turbulent nations praying—*Peace* !
The grief I brought thee voiceless lies.

It has no place, it has no name,
A gift of love to Love I bring,
The dark sky glows with living flame ;
Not grief and loss, but Love, I sing.

Dear Love ! that heeds the bird in nest,
The singing bird and dead, in wood ;
Great Love ! that smiles from East to West,
And fills all places as a flood.

Avenging Love ! But who shall call,
Avenge me, Lord ? Oh Christ, we see
Thy lifted hands have wounds ! we fall
In silent shame to worship thee.

Caroline Chesebro.

Christ our Life.

ESUS, thou joy of loving hearts !
Thou Fount of Life ! thou Light of
men !
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfill'd to thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on thee call ;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee, all in all !

We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still !
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill !

Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay !
 Make all our moments calm and bright !
 Chase the dark night of sin away,
 Shed o'er the world thy holy light !

St. Bernard, translated by Ray Palmer.

The God of Peace.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
 And billows wild contend with angry roar,

'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
 That peaceful *stillness* reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
 And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he fieth,
 Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest,
 There is a temple, sacred evermore,
 And all the babble of life's angry voices
 Die in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
 And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he fieth,
 Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in thee.

O, rest of rests ! O, peace serene, eternal !
Thou ever livest ; and thou changest never,
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy—for ever and for ever.

Mrs. Stowe.

Our Fellow Sufferer.

 HOU who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality ;
Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, passed to thy home on high !

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father ! thou didst tread :
And shall we in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

O thou who art our life !
Be with us through the strife ;
Thine own meek head by rudest storms was bowed :
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

E'en through the awful gloom,
 Which hovers o'er the tomb,
 That light of love our guiding star shall be ;
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy way to tread,
 Friend, Guardian, Saviour !—which doth lead to
 thee.

Mrs. Miles.

Thanksgiving.

ATHER of earth and heaven,
 Whose arm upholds creation,
 To thee we raise the voice of praise,
 And bend in adoration.
 We praise the Power that made us,
 We praise the Love that blesses ;
 While every day that rolls away
 Thy gracious care confesses.

Though trial and affliction
 May cast their dark shade o'er us,
 Thy Love doth throw a heavenly glow
 Of light on all before us.
 That Love has smiled from heaven
 To cheer our path of sadness
 And leads the way, through earth's dull day,
 To realms of endless gladness.

That light of love and glory
Has shone through Christ, the Saviour,
The holy Guide, who lived and died
That we might live for ever!
And since thy great compassion
Thus brings thy children near thee,
May we to praise devote our days,
And love as well as fear thee.

And when death's final summons
From earth's dear scenes shall move us,
From friends, from foes, from joys, from woes,
From all that know and love us,
Oh! then, let Hope attend us;
Thy peace to us be given;
That we may rise above the skies,
And sing thy praise in heaven.

Ware.

Hymn of Nature.



OD of the earth's extended plains!
The dark, green fields contented lie:
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the
sky;

The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams,
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep !
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summon'd up their thund'ring bands ;
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calmed by thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, Depart in peace !

God of the forest's solemn shade !
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee ;
But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air !
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow ;

All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry,
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky !
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings !
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above !
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light :
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world ! the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return ;
Her crumbling altars must decay ;
Her incense fires shall cease to burn ;

But still her grand and lovely scenes
 Have made man's fervent praises flow ;
 For hearts grow holier as they trace
 Thy glories in the world below.

W. B. Peabody.

Hymn of the City.



OT in the solitude
 Alone, may man commune with Heaven,
 or see,
 Only in savage wood
 And sunny vale, the present Deity ;
 Or only hear His voice
 Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

E'en here do I behold
 Thy steps, Almighty !—here, amidst the crowd
 Through the great city rolled,
 With everlasting murmur, deep and loud—
 Choking the ways that wind
 'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
 From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
 And lights their inner homes !
 For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
 And givest them the stores
 Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along ;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast,
The quiet of that moment, too, is thine ;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

W. C. Bryant.

Morning Hymn.

“  ET there be light ! ” The Eternal
spoke,
And from the abyss where darkness
rode
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And light around creation flowed.
The glad earth smiled to see the day—
The first-born day—come blushing in ;
The young day smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world untouched by sin.

“ Let there be light ! ” O’er heaven and earth,
 The God who first the day-beam poured,
 Uttered again His fiat forth,
 And shed the Gospel’s light abroad,
 And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
 On rich and poor were meant to fall,
 Inspiring their Redeemer’s praise,
 In lowly cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when, in the Orient, first
 Flushes the signal-light for prayer ;
 Come with the earliest beams that burst
 From God’s bright throne of glory there.
 Come kneel to Him who through the night
 Hath watched above thy sleeping soul,
 To Him whose mercies, like His light,
 Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

Hoffman.

Hymn and Prayer.

INFINITE Spirit ! who art round us
 ever,
 In whom we move, as motes in sum-
 mer sky,
 May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever,
 Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.

Unseen, yet not unfelt, if any thought
Has raised our mind from earth ; or pure desire,
A generous act, or noble purpose brought,
It is thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.

To me, the meanest of thy creatures, kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That I may live to glorify thy name ;

That I may conquer base desire and passion,
That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and
fashion,
Walk humbly, softly, leaning on thee still.

I am unworthy. Yet, for their dear sake,
I ask, whose roots planted in me are found ;
For precious vines are propped by rudest stake,
And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground.

Beneath my leaves, though early fall'n and faded,
Young plants are warmed,—they drink my
branches' dew :
Let them not, Lord, by me be Upas-shaded ;
Make me, for their sake, firm, and pure, and
true.

For their sake, too, the faithful, wise, and bold,
Whose generous love has been my pride and
stay,
Those who have found in me some trace of gold,
For their sake purify my lead and clay.

And let not all the pains and toil be wasted,
Spent on my youth by saints now gone to rest ;
Nor that deep sorrow my Redeemer tasted,
When on His soul the guilt of man was pressed.

Tender and sensitive, He braved the storm,
That we might 'scape a well-deserved fate !
Poured out His soul in supplication warm !
Looked with His eyes of love on eyes of hate !

Let all this goodness by my mind be seen.
Let all this mercy on my heart be sealed.
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make me clean :
O, speak the word—thy servant shall be healed.

J. F. Clarke.





HYMNS OF SUPPLICATION.



Prayer.

O PRAYER, to prayer ;—for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes :
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness and life and love.
Oh, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer—for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on :
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows
To shade the couch where His children repose.
Then kneel while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of
night.

To prayer—for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest:
It speaks of Creation's early bloom ;
It speaks of the Prince that burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parent and home farewell !
Kneel down by the side of the tearful there,
And strengthen the fateful hour with prayer.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies :
Oh hour of bliss ! when the heart o'erflows
With a rapture a mother only knows :
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer ;
Let it swell up to Heaven for her precious care.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Drops of anguish are thick on his brow :
Oh what is earth and its pleasures now ?
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer ?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends :
There is peace in the eye, which the Spirit sends ,
There is peace in his calm confiding air ;
For his thoughts are with God, and his last words,
prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier !
A voice to strengthen, to soothe, to cheer.
It commands the spirit to God who gave ;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold dark grave ;
It points to the glory where He shall reign,
Who whispered, “ Thy brother shall rise again.”

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss !
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing ;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise ;
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To Him, who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise ;
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given ;
For a life of prayer is a life of Heaven.

Henry Ware, Jun.

Needed Blessings.

WE ask not that our path be always bright,
 But for thine aid to walk therein aright ;
 That thou, O Lord ! through all its
 devious way,
 Wilt give us strength sufficient to our day,
 For this, for this we pray.

Not for the fleeting joys that Earth bestows,
 Not for exemption from its many woes ;
 But that, come joy or woe, come good or ill,
 With child-like faith we trust thy guidance still,
 And do thy holy will.

Teach us, dear Lord ! to find the latent good
 That sorrow yields, when rightly understood ;
 And for the frequent joy that crowns our days,
 Help us, with grateful hearts, our hymns to raise
 Of thankfulness and praise.

Thou knowest all our needs, and wilt supply ;
 No veil of darkness hides us from thine eye,
 Nor vainly, from the depths, on thee we call ;
 Thy tender love, that breaks the tempter's thrall,
 Folds and encircles all.

Through sorrow and through loss, by toil and
prayer,
Saints won the starry crowns which now they wear,
And by the bitter ministry of pain,
Grievous and harsh, but oh ! not sent in vain,
 Found their eternal gain.

If it be ours, like them, to suffer loss,
Give grace, as unto them, to bear our cross,
Till, victors over each besetting sin,
We, too, thy perfect peace shall enter in,
 And crowns of glory win.

William H. Burleigh.

“Tempted like as we are.”

O TILL as our day our strength shall be,
S While still, good Lord, we trust in thee ;
S While on thy promise we depend,
Our Saviour; Brother, Father, Friend ;
Our great High Priest, to whom were known
Temptations, troubles, like our own ;
Who canst be touched with mortal care,
For thou didst all our sorrows bear.

O Lamb of God, the world on thee
Hath laid her deep infirmity ;

And in the Cross that weighed thee down,
The bitter scourge, the thorny crown,
Thou all her griefs, and all her fears,
Didst bear through all thine earthly years,
The guiltless, for the guilty one,
For man, the Everlasting Son.

O Saviour mine, how great the love,
That brought thee from thy throne above !
That love, what seraph's lyre can tell,
That wondrous love unspeakable !
So infinite, so all Divine !
Unlike all other love but thine ;
Like none but Jesu, none but thee,
Thou bleeding Lamb of Calvary !

Give me, thou glorious Lamb of God,
Daily to walk, where thou hast trod,
And in adoring rapture grow,
As in thy lowly steps I go.
Give me to ponder, more and more,
Thy words and thy example's lore,
That walking here, my God, with thee,
Still as my days my strength may be.

A. C. Coxe.

The Only Refuge.

 UT thee, O God ! but thee,
To whom shall I address
My wail of deep distress ?
Thou only who canst see
My spirit's brokenness !
Thou only, who alone canst heal
The pangs I bear, the ills I feel !

To thee, O God ! to thee,
With lowly heart I bend ;
Lord, to my prayer attend,
And haste to succour me,
Thou never failing Friend !
For seas of trouble o'er me roll,
And whelm with tears my sinking soul.

From thee, O God ! from thee,
By phantom passions led,
Like him of old I fled !
Saying this earth shall be,
To me a heaven instead.
But then didst thou in mercy thrust
My earthly idols to the dust.

On thee, O God ! on thee
 With humble hope I'll lean,
 Thou who hast ever been
 A hiding-place to me,
 In many a troubled scene ;
 Whose heart, with love and mercy fraught,
 Back to the fold thy wand'rer brought.

William Wilson.

Holy Spirit, Truth Divine.

 OLY Spirit, Truth divine !
 Dawn upon this soul of mine ;
 Word of God, and inward Light !
 Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine !
 Glow within this heart of mine ;
 Kindle every high desire ;
 Perish self in thy pure fire !

Holy Spirit, Power divine !
 Fill and nerve this will of mine !
 By thee, may I strongly live,
 Bravely bear, and nobly strive !

Holy Spirit, Right divine !
King within my conscience reign ;
Be my Lord ; and I shall be
Firmly bound, yet ever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine !
Still this restless heart of mine ;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine !
Gladden thou this heart of mine ;
In the desert ways I'll sing
“ Spring, O Well ! for ever spring.”

S. Longfellow.

The Kingdom of our God.



OME, Kingdom of our God ;
Sweet reign of light and love,
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign ;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

Come, Kingdom of our God !
 And make the broad earth thine,
 Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
 That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest
 With fruit from Life's glad tree ;
 And in its shade like brothers rest
 Sons of one family.

Come, Kingdom of our God !
 And raise thy glorious throne
 In worlds by the undying trod,
 Where God shall bless His own.

Johns.

The Soldiers of the Cross.

 HOU, Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
 Hath brought us here before thy face ;
 Our spirits wait for thy command,
 Our silent hearts implore thy peace !

Those spirits lay their noblest powers,
 As offerings, on thy holy shrine ;
 Thine was the strength that nourished ours ;
 The soldiers of the Cross are thine.

And now with hymn and prayer we stand,
To give our strength to thee, great God !
We would redeem thy holy land,
That land which Sin so long has trod.

Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord !
Through rugged toil and wearying fight ;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray ;
Be thy pure angels with us still ;
Thy truth shall be our firmest stay ;
Our only rest, to do thy will.

N. L. Frothingham.

“Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem.”

 LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

I love thy church, O God !
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend ;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, thou Friend Divine,
 Our Saviour, and our King,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe,
 Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

Dwight

Christ's Presence.



EAR Friend, whose presence in the
 house,
 Whose gracious word benign
 Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
 Change water into wine.

Come, visit us ! and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and let us see
Life's water turned to wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes grow half divine,
When Jesus visits us, to make
Life's water glow as wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Grow bright with angel visits, when
The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,
Not knowing mine nor thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water turned to wine.

J. F. Clarke.

“I will Arise, and Go unto my Father.”

 O thine eternal arms, O God !
Take us, thine erring children, in ;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams
of sin.

Those arms were round our childish ways,
 A guard through helpless years to be ;
 O leave not our maturer days,
 We still are helpless without thee !

We trusted hope and pride and strength ;
 Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
 Our dreams have faded all at length—
 We come to thee, O Lord ! again.

A guide to trembling steps yet be !
 Give us of thine eternal powers !
 So shall our paths all lead to thee,
 And life smile on like childhood's hours.

T. W. Higginson.

The Spiritual Husbandman's Lament.



FT, in the summer days, I've marked
 some wild
 On which the sower vainly spent his
 toil ;
 Heaven's showers distilled, but still no verdure
 smiled
 O'er all the cheerless length of that obdurate
 soil.

How fitly pictures this dull waste, methought,
The arid wilderness *I* plough in vain !
“Cursing” steals on apace, to doom the spot
Where only thorns repay the Spirit’s gracious
rain.

Lord of the vineyard, with thy power descend !
Breathe on these hearts of stone, and bid them
live !
The garden’s beauty to the desert lend,
And for the encumb’ring weed the rose of Sharon
give !

Bishop Eastburn.

For Visitors of the Sick.



ORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love’s treasure still be spent,
Like His, upon the Poor ;
Like Him through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world’s sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

For thou hast placed us side by side,
In this wide world of ill,
And that thy followers may be tried,
The Poor are with us still.

Mean are all offerings we can make,
 But thou hast taught us, Lord,
 If given for the Saviour's sake,
 They lose not their reward.

William Croswell.

“Lord, Save Me.”

MY faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour Divine !
 Now hear me while I pray ;
 Take all my guilt away ;
 Oh, let me, from this day,
 Be wholly thine !

May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire !
 As thou hast died for me,
 Oh, may my love to thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be—
 A living fire !

While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide ;

Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul !

Ray Palmer.

The Angel of the Lord.



NWARD speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward speed,
Cast abroad thy radiant light,
Bid the shades recede ;
Tread the idols in the dust,
Heathen fanes destroy ;
Spread the Gospel's love and trust,
Spread the Gospel's joy.

Onward speed thy conquering flight,
 Angel, onward fly !
 Long has been the reign of night ;
 Bring the morning nigh.
 Unto thee earth's sufferers lift
 Their imploring wail ;
 Bear them Heaven's holy gift
 Ere their courage fail.

Onward speed thy conquering flight,
 Angel, onward speed !
 Morning bursts upon our sight,
 Lo ! the time decreed :
 Now the Lord His Kingdom takes,
 Thrones and empires fall ;
 Now the joyous song awakes,
 "God is All in All !"

S. F. Smith.

"Our Father."

 OWL Y and solemn be
 Thy children's cry to thee,
 Father Divine ;
 A hymn of suppliant breath,
 Owning that life and death
 Alike are thine !

O Father, in that hour,
When earth all helping power
Shall disavow,
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down,
Sustain us, thou !

By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod,
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away,
Aid us, O God !

Mrs. Sigourney.

Visit Me with Thy Salvation.

ILT thou not visit me ?
The plant beside me feels thy gentle
dew ;
Each blade of grass I see,
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt thou not visit me ?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone ;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of thee alone.

Come ! for I need thy love,
 More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain ;
 Come, like thy holy dove,
 And let me in thy sight rejoice again.

Yes ; thou wilt visit me ;
 Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well
 As when, from sin set free,
 Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

Jones Very.

The Hiding-Place.

 WELCOME hiding-place ! O refuge
 meet
 For fainting pilgrims, on this desert way !
 O kind Conductor of these wandering
 feet,
 Through snares and darkness, to the realms of day !
 Soon may the Sun of Righteousness display
 His healing beams, each gloomy cloud dispel,
 While, on the parting mist, in colours gay,
 Truth's cheering bow of precious promise tell,
 And Mercy's silver voice soft whisper, " All is
 well."

Huntington.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee :
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams, I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven ;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I 'll raise ;

So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

Abide in **M**e, and **I** in **Y**ou.

The Soul's Reply.



HAT mystic word of thine, O Sovereign
 Lord !

Is all too pure, too high, too deep for
 me ;

Weary with striving, and with longing faint,
 I breathe it back again in prayer to thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in thee ;
 From this good hour, Oh, leave me never more ;
 Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
 The lifelong bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me ! o'ershadow by thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of
sin.

Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul, as thine, calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when thou dweltest in a mortal soul,
All Heaven's own sweetness seems around it
thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs a Hand Divine ;
Dwell thou within it, tune and touch the chords,
Till every note and string shall answer thine.

Abide in me ! there have been moments pure,
When I have seen thy face and felt thy power ;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare—
Abide in me, and they shall *ever* be !
Fulfil at once thy precept and my prayer,
Come and abide in me, and I in thee.

Mrs. Stowe.

Immortality.

 O think for aye ; to breathe immortal breath ;
 And know nor hope, nor fear, of ending death ;
 To see the myriad worlds that round us roll
 Wax old and perish, while the steadfast soul
 Stands fresh and moveless in her sphere of thought ;
 O God, omnipotent ! who in me wrought
 This conscious world, whose ever-growing orb,
 When the dead Past shall all in time absorb,
 Will be but as begun,—Oh, of thine own,
 Give of the holy light that veils thy throne,
 That darkness be not mine, to take my place,
 Beyond the reach of light, a blot in space !
 So may this wondrous Life, from sin made free,
 Reflect thy love for aye, and to thy glory be.

Washington Allston.

Miserere Domine.

 HOU, who look'st with pitying eye
 From thy radiant throne on high,
 On the spirit tempest-tost,
 Wretched, weary, wandering, lost ;
 Ever ready help to give,
 And entreating—“Look and Live !”

By that love, exceeding thought,
Which from Heaven the Saviour brought ;
By that mercy which could dare
Death to save us from despair,
Lowly bending at thy feet,
We adore, implore, entreat,
Lifting heart and voice to thee—
Miserere Domine!

With the vain and giddy throng,
FATHER ! we have wandered long,
Eager from thy paths to stray,
Chosen the forbidden way ;
Heedless of the light within,
Hurried on from sin to sin,
And with scoffers madly trod
On the mercy of our God !
Now to where thine altars burn,
Penitently we return :
Though forgotten, thou hast not
To be merciful forgot ;
Hear our suppliant cries to thee—
Miserere Domine !

From the burden of our grief
Who but thou can give relief ?

Who can pour salvation's light
On the darkness of our night ?
Bowed our load of sin beneath,
Who redeem our souls from death ?
If in man we put our trust,
Scattered are our hopes like dust !
Smitten by thy chastening rod,
Lo ! we cry to thee, our God !
From the perils of our path,
From the terrors of thy wrath,
Save us, when we look to thee—
Miserere Domine !

Where the pastures greenly grow,
Where the waters gently flow,
And beneath the sheltering Rock,
With the Shepherd rests the flock,
Oh, let us be gathered there,
Under thy paternal care ;
Love and labour, and rejoice
With the people of thy choice,
Till the toils of life are done,
Till the fight is fought and won,
And the crown with heavenly glow
Sparkles on the victor's brow !
Hear the prayer we lift to thee,
Miserere Domine !

Wm. H. Burleigh.

He carrieth the Lambs in His Bosom.

 AVIOUR ! who thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care ;
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share ;

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm,
There, we know—thy word believing—
Only there, secure from harm.

Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey ;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way :

Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place ;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

Wm. Augustus Muhlenburg.

The Mother's Hymn.

 ORD, who ordainest for mankind
Benignant toils and tender cares !
We thank thee for the tie that binds
The mother to the child she bears.

We thank thee for the hopes that rise
 Within her heart, as day by day,
 The dawning soul, from those young eyes,
 Looks with a clearer, steadier ray.

And grateful for the blessing given,
 With that dear infant on her knee,
 She trains the eye to look to Heaven,
 The voice to lisp a prayer to thee.

Such thanks the blessed Mary gave,
 When, from her lap, the Holy Child,
 Sent from on high, to seek and save
 The lost of earth, looked up and smiled.

All Gracious ! grant to those who bear
 A mother's charge, the strength and light
 To lead the steps that own their care
 In ways of Love, and Truth, and Right.

W. C. Bryant.

When He giveth Quietness, who then can
 make Trouble ?



QUIET, Lord, my aching heart,
 Forgive my unbelief;
 Let me not from thee depart
 Through bitterness of grief:

When my earthly comforts die,
When my hopes no longer glow,
If to thee I cannot fly,
Ah, whither shall I go?

All beneath the heavens will fade,
And earthly scenes will fail ;
Sorrow will the heart invade,
Whi e in this lonely vale ;
Joys are like the fading flower,
Comforts like the morning dew,
Pleasures vanish in an hour,
And hopes will prove untrue.

Show me, then, the path of peace,
Let darkness disappear ;
Bid the inward conflict cease,
And quell each rising fear :
Nothing but thy gracious smile
Can my trembling spirit heal ;
This shall all my pains beguile
And heavenly joys reveal.

Thomas Hastings.

The Ark.

 HERE is no change of time and place
with Thee ;
Where'er I go, with me 'tis still the same,
Within thy presence I rejoice to be,
And always hallow thy most holy Name ;

The world doth ever change, there is no peace
Among the shadows on its storm-vex'd breast ;
With every breath the frothy waves increase,
They toss up mire and dirt, they cannot rest ;
I thank Thee that within thy strong-built ark
My soul across the uncertain sea can sail,
And, though the night of death be long and dark,
My hope in Christ shall reach within the veil ;
And to the promised haven steady steer,
Whose rest to those who love is ever near.

Jones Very.





HYMNS OF TRUST AND RESIGNATION.



Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

WATCHER, who watchest by the bed of pain,
While the stars sweep on in their midnight train ;
Stifling the tear for thy loved one's sake ;
Holding thy breath, lest his sleep should break ;
In thy loneliest hours, there's a helper nigh,
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Stranger, afar from thy native land,
Whom no one takes with a brother's hand ;

Table and hearthstone are glowing free,
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee ;
There is one who can tell of a home on high,
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Sad one, in secret, bending low,
A dart in thy breast, that the world may not know,
Striving the favour of God to win,—
Asking his pardon for days of sin ;
Press on, press on, with thy earnest cry,
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Mourner, who sits in the churchyard lone,
Scanning the lines on that marble stone,
Plucking the weeds from thy children’s bed,
Planting the myrtle, the rose instead—
Look up, look up, with thy tearful eye,
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Fading one, with the hectic streak,
With thy vein of fire, and thy burning cheek,
Fear’st thou to tread the darkened vale
Look unto One, who can never fail.
He hath trod it himself, he will hear thy sigh,
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Mrs. Sigourney.

Why seek ye the Living among the Dead?

 H! why should bitter tears be shed
In sorrow o'er the mounded sod,
When verily there are no dead
Of all the children of our God?

They who are lost to outward sense
Have but flung off their robes of clay,
And clothed in heavenly radiance,
Await us on our lowly way.

While sorrow's tears our eyes have wet,
Shed o'er the consecrated dust,
Too much our darkened souls forget
The lessons of enduring Trust.

Let living Faith serenely pour
Her sunlight on our pathway dim,
And Death can have no terrors more;
But holy joys shall walk with him.

G. S. Burleigh.

Lo, I am with you alway.

 LWAYS with us, always with us,
Words of cheer and words of love!
Thus the risen Saviour whispers
From his dwelling-place above.

With us when we toil in sadness,
 Sowing much and reaping none,
 Telling us that in the future
 Golden harvests shall be won ;

With us when the storm is sweeping
 O'er our pathway dark and drear ;
 Waking hope within our bosoms,
 Stilling every anxious fear ;

With us in the lonely valley,
 When we cross the chilling stream,
 Lighting up the steps to glory
 With salvation's radiant beam.

Nevin.

The Sure Refuge.

IKE Noah's weary dove,
 That soared the earth around,
 But not a resting-place above
 The cheerless waters found ;

O cease my wandering soul,
 On restless wing to roam ;
 All the wide world to either pole,
 Has not for thee a home.

Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door ;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

And, when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire ;
Then rest on Sion's hill.

Muhlenburg.

The Living Temple.

 STRANGERS no more we wildly rove
Without a blessing from above,
On passion's stormy sea ;
But with the followers of the Lamb
We live to praise His holy name,
To all eternity.

Upon a sure foundation laid,
 Jesus, himself the corner's head,
 The building grows on high ;
 No storms can shake, no billows sweep
 Its firm foundations to the deep ;
 'Tis guarded by the sky.

O may we each through faith prepare
 In that resplendent pile to share,
 Each be a living stone ;
 Our God shall there for ever dwell,
 And bliss and light ineffable
 Eternal ages crown !

J. W. Eastburn.

Why stand ye here all the Day idle ?

HAT can I do the cause of God to aid ?
 Can powers so weak as mine
 Forward the great design ?
 Not by young hands are mighty efforts
 made.

Not mighty efforts, but a willing mind,
 Not strong, but ready hands
 The vineyard's Lord demands ;
 For every age fit labour he will find.

Come, then, in childhood to the vineyard's gate :

E'en you can dress the roots,

And train the tender shoots,

Then why in sloth and sin contented wait ?

To move the hardened soil, to bend and lift

The fallen branch, to tread

The wine-press full and red,

These need a stronger arm, a nobler gift.

But all can aid the work. The little child

May gather up some weed,

Or drop some fertile seed,

Or strew with flowers the path which else were
dark and wild.

Joseph H. Clinch.

The Joy unknown in Heaven.



REMBLING, before thine awful throne,

O Lord, in dust my sins I own :

Justice and mercy for my life

Contend ; oh, smile, and heal the strife !

The Saviour smiles ! upon my soul

New tides of hope tumultuous roll :

His voice proclaims my pardon found ;

Seraphic transport wings the sound !

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,
 The new-born peace of sins forgiven :
 Tears of such pure and rich delight,
 Ye angels ! never dimmed your sight.

Ye know where morn exulting springs,
 And evening folds her drooping wings ;
 Loud in your song, the heavenly plain
 Is shaken by your choral strain ;

But I amid your choirs shall shine,
 And all your knowledge will be mine ;
 Ye on your harps must lean to hear
 A secret chord that mine will bear !

James A. Hillhouse

Providence.

 E sendeth sun, He sendeth shower ;
 Alike they're needful for the flower :
 And joys and tears alike are sent
 To give the soul fit nourishment :
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father, thy will, not mine, be done !

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

O ne'er will I at life repine!
Enough that Thou hast made it mine;
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing, with parting breath:
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

Sarah F. Adams

The Ever-present Helper.

 OVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee are cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
 And trembling faith is changed to fear,
 The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
 Shall softly tell us, Thou art near !

On thee we fling our burdening woe,
 O Love Divine, for ever dear !
 Content to suffer while we know,
 Living and dying, Thou art near !

O. W. Holmes.

Trusting to the Uttermost.

LTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
 The budding fig-trees droop and die,
 No oil the olives yield,
 Yet will I trust still in my God,
 Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,
 And by his grace be healed.

Though fields, in verdure once arrayed,
 By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
 Or parched by scorching beam ;
 Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
 My joy ; for, though his frown is just,
 His mercy is supreme.

Though from the fold the flock decay,
Though herds lie famished o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall ;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies ;
There God is all in all.

In God, my strength, howe'er distrest,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in his love :
My ling'ring soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind he makes, and fleet
To speed my course above.

Bishop Onderdonk.

As thy Days, so shall thy Strength be.

HEN adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs ;
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

When, with sad footsteps, memory roves
'Mid smitten joys and buried loves,

When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
 And dewy morning drinks my sighs,
 Still to thy promise, Lord ! I flee,
 That "as my day, my strength shall be."

One trial more must yet be past,
 One pang—the keenest and the last ;
 And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
 My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
 Redeemer ! grant my soul to see
 That "as her day, her strength shall be."

Mrs. Sigourney.

**Though He Slay me, yet will I Trust
 in Him.**

 TILL will we trust, though earth seem
 dark and dreary,
 And the heart faint beneath His
 chastening rod,
 Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and
 weary,
 Still will we trust in God !

Our eyes see dimly till by Faith anointed,
 And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain ;
 Through Him alone who hath our way appointed,
 We find our peace again.

Choose for us, GOD !—nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good thou hast designed :
Choose for us, GOD !—thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

So from our sky, the night shall furl her shadows,
And Day pour gladness through his golden gates ;
Our rough path leads to flower-enamelled meadows
Where Joy our coming waits..

Let us press on in patient self-denial
Accept the hardship, shrinking not from loss—
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial:
Our Crown, beyond the Cross.

W. H. Burleigh.

Faith's Repose.



ATHER ! beneath thy sheltering wing
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring,
In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good whose tidal flow
The motions of thy will obeys ;
And death is good, that makes us know
The Life Divine, that all things sways.

And good it is to bear the Cross,
 And so thy perfect peace to win :
 And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
 Nor works us harm, save only sin.

Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
 But trust the love that saves to guide :
 The grace that yields so rich a store,
 Will grant us all we need beside.

W. H. Burleigh.

De Profundis Clamavi.



ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
 I lay me down, in peace, to sleep ;
 Secure I rest upon the wave,
 For thou, O Lord ! hast power to save.

I know thou wilt not slight my call,
 For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall ;
 And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And fearless trust shall still be mine,
 Though stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,
 Or though the tempest's raging breath
 Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death !

In ocean caves rest safe with thee,
The germs of immortality ;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Mrs. Willard.

To God, Most High.



MY Lord, I have but thee ;
Other friends are faint and few,
To myself I am not true ;
Yet, my God, thou lovest me.

I am poor and have no more
But thy love within my heart ;
Earth shall never tear apart
That which is my hidden store.

Many, many doubts and fears,
I have many pains and cares ;
But thou cam'st, at unawares,
And I see thee through my tears.

I would never be my own,
Nor on friends my heart-strings twine ;
I do seek to be but thine,
And to love but thee alone.

Jesus ! while thy Cross I see,
 Though my heart do bleed with woe,
 By those blessed streams I know,
 Blood of thine was shed for me.

O my Lord ! be thou my guide ;
 Let me hold thee by the hand,
 Then, in drear and barren land,
 I will seek no friend beside.

Robert Lowell.

Resignation.

 HERE is no flock, however watched
 and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there !
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
 But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells of the dying,
 And mournings for the dead ;
 The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
 Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
 Not from the ground arise,
 But oftentimes celestial benedictions
 Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
 For when with raptures wild
 In our embraces we again enfold her,
 She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
 Clothed with celestial grace ;
 And beautiful, with all the soul's expansion,
 Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
 And anguish long suppressed,
 The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
 That cannot be at rest—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
 We may not wholly stay ;
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing
 The grief that must have way.

H. W. Longfellow.

Mors Janua Vitæ.

 ESIDE a massive gateway built up in
 years gone by,
 Upon whose top the clouds in eternal
 shadow lie,

While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood
and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for
me.

The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's
flight,
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the
night ;
I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant
more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of
day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold,
now,
There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed
brow ;
His count of years is full, his allotted task is
wrought ;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him
not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and
his power.
I muse while still the woodthrush sings down the
golden day,
And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing,
throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes ;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her
hair,
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young
and fair.

Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays !
Oh crimson flush of morning that darkens as we
gaze !
Oh breath of summer blossoms that on the restless
air
Scatters a moment's sweetness, and flies we know
not where !

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and
then withdrawn ;
But still the sun shines round me : the evening bird
sings on,
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient
gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and
wait.

Once more the gates are opened ; an infant group
go out,
The sweet smile quenched for ever, and stilled the
sprightly shout.

Hymns of Trust and Resignation. 101

Oh frail, frail Tree of Life, that upon the green
sward strows
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind
that blows !

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men
of pride.

Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those
pillars gray,
And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are
blank with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in
drawing near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious
eye
Of Him the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to
die.

I mark the joy, the terror ; yet these, within my
heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to
depart,
And in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and
lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

W. C. Bryant.

My Psalm.

MOURN no more my vanished years :
 Beneath a tender rain,
 An April rain, of smiles and tears,
 My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and sighing low,
 I hear the glad streams run ;
 The windows of my soul I throw
 Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
 I look in hope or fear ;
 But, grateful, take the good I find,
 The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
 To reap but weed and tare ;
 The manna dropping from God's hand
 Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff—I lay
 Aside my toiling oar ;
 The angel sought so far away
 I welcome at my door.

The airs of Spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the Autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy;
Not less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track :
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back ;

That more and more a Providence
Of Love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good ;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight ;

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair ;

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm,

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play ;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

J. G. Whittier.

The Hour-Glass.

 LAS ! how swift the moments fly !
 How flash the hours along !
 Scarce here, yet gone already by,
 The burden of a song ;
 See childhood, youth, and manhood pass,
 And age with furrowed brow ;
 Time *was*—time *shall be*—drain the glass—
 But where in Time is Now ?

Time is the measure but of change,
 No present hour is found ;
 The Past, the Future, fill the range
 Of Time's unceasing round.
 Where then is *now* ? In realms above,
 With God's atoning Lamb,
 In regions of eternal love,
 Where sits enthroned “I AM.”

Then, Pilgrim, let thy joys and tears
 On Time no longer lean ;
 But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
 From earth's affection wean ;
 To God let votive accents rise ;
 With truth—with virtue live ;
 So all the bliss that Time denies,
 Eternity shall give.

J. Q. Adams.

The Alpine Sheep.

~~OR~~ WHEN on my ear your loss was knelled,
 And tender sympathy upburst,
 A little spring from memory welled,
 Which once had quenched my bitter
 thirst ;

And I was fain to bear to you
 A portion of its mild relief,
 That it might be a healing dew,
 To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
 Up to the Father took its way,
 And on our home the shade of Death,
 Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round, with us to weep
 Her little spirit's swift remove,
 The story of the Alpine Sheep
 Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
 Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
 And when the sod grows brown and bare,
 The shepherd strives to make them climb,
 To airy shelves of pasture green,
 That hang along the mountain side,
 Where grass and flowers together lean,
 And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

But naught can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie—

Till in his arms the lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures, lifted fair,
More dewy-soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable by Nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south-wind free
O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed
From icy thraldom to the sea.

A blissful vision, through the night
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding our little lamb asleep,
While, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise and follow me."

Maria W. Lowell.

Blessed are They that Mourn.

 H, deem not they are blest alone
 Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
 The Power who pities man, has shown
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
 The lids that overflow with tears ;
 And weary hours of woe and pain
 Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
 For every dark and troubled night ;
 And grief may bide an evening guest,
 But joy shall come with early light.

And thou who o'er thy friend's low bier,
 Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,*
 Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
 Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
 Though life its common gifts deny,
 Though with a pierced and bleeding heart
 And spurned of man, he goes to die.

* Psalm lxxxiv. 6.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

Wm. Cullen Bryant.

Dying, yet Living.

SHE died, yet is not dead !
Ye saw a daisy on her tomb :
It bloomed to die—she died to bloom ;
Her summer hath not sped.

She died, yet is not dead !
Ye saw her jewels all unset ;
But God let fall a coronet
To crown her ransomed head.

She died—yet is not dead !
Ye saw her gazing toward a sky
Whose lights are shut from mortal eye ;
She lingered, yearned, and fled.

She died, yet is not dead !
Through pearly gate, on golden street,
She went her way with shining feet :
Go ye, and thither tread !

Theodore Tilton.

The Reaper and the Flowers.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
 And, with his sickle keen,
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have nought that is fair ? ” saith he,
 “ Have nought but the bearded grain ?
 Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
 I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
 He kissed their drooping leaves ;
 It was for the Lord of Paradise
 He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord has need of these flowrets gay,”
 The Reaper said, and smiled ;
 “ Dear tokens of the earth are they,
 Where He was once a child.

They all shall bloom in fields of light,
 Transplanted by my care,
 And saints, upon their garments white,
 These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

H. W. Longfellow.

The Cloud on the Way.

EE before us, in our journey, broods a
mist upon the ground ;
Thither leads the path we walk in, blend-
ing with that gloomy bound.
Never eye hath pierced its shadows to the mystery
they screen ;
Those who once have passed within it, never more
on earth are seen.
Now it seems to stoop beside us, now at seeming
distance lowers,
Leaving banks that tempt us onward, bright with
summer-green and flowers.

Yet it blots the way for ever ; there our journey
ends at last ;
Into that dark cloud we enter, and are gathered to
the past.
Thou who, in this flinty pathway, leading through
a stranger-land,
Paskest down the rocky valley, walking with me
hand in hand,
Which of us shall be the soonest folded to that dim
Unknown ?
Which shall leave the other walking in this flinty
path alone ?
Even now I see thee shudder, and thy cheek is
white with fear,
And thou clingest to my side as comes that dark-
ness sweeping near.
“ Here,” thou say’st, “ the path is rugged, sown
with thorns that wound the feet ;
But the sheltered glens are lovely, and the rivulet’s
song is sweet ;
Roses breathe from tangled thickets ; lilies bend
from hedges brown ;
Pleasantly between the pelting showers the sun-
shine gushes down ;
Dear are those who walk beside us, they whose
looks and voices make
All this rugged region cheerful, till I love it for
their sake.

Far be yet the hour that takes me where that chilly
shadow lies,
From the things I know and love, and from the
sight of loving eyes.”
So thou murmurrest, fearful one ; but see, we tread
a rougher way ;
Fainter glow the gleams of sunshine that upon the
dark rocks play ;
Rude winds strew the faded flowers upon the crags
o'er which we pass ;
Banks of verdure, when we reach them, hiss with
tufts of withered grass.
One by one we miss the voices which we loved so
well to hear ;
One by one the kindly faces in that shadow disap-
pear.
Yet upon the mist before us fix thine eyes with
closer view ;
See beneath its sullen skirts, the rosy morning
glimmers through.
One whose feet the thorns have wounded, passed
that barrier and came back,
With a glory on His footsteps lighting yet the dreary
track.
Boldly enter where He entered ; all that seems but
darkness here,
When thou hast passed beyond it, haply shall be
crystal-clear.

Viewed from that serener realm, the walks of
human life may lie,
Like the page of some familiar volume, open to
thine eye ;
Haply from the o'erhanging shadow, thou may'st
stretch an unseen hand,
To support the wavering steps that print with
blood the rugged land.
Haply, leaning o'er the pilgrim, all unweeting thou
art near,
Thou may'st whisper words of warning or of com-
fort in his ear,
Till beyond the border where that brooding mystery
bars the sight,
Those whom thou hast fondly cherished stand with
thee in peace and light.

Wm. Cullen Bryant.

The Hidden Way.



CANNOT plainly see the way,
So dark the grave is ; but I know
If I do truly love and pray,
Some good will brighten out of woe.

For the same hand that doth unbind
The winter winds, sends sweetest showers,
And the poor rustic laughs to find
His April meadows full of flowers.

I said, I could not see the way,
And yet what need is there to see,
More than to serve Him as I may,
And trust the Great Strength over me?

Why should my spirit pine, and lean
From its clay house ; or, restless, bow,
Asking the shadows if they mean
To darken always, dim as now?

Why should I vainly seek to solve
Free will, necessity, the pall?
I feel, I know, that God is love,
And knowing this, I know it all.

Alice Cary.

Home for the Weary.

 HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast :
'Tis found above—in Heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but Heaven.

There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
 To brighter prospects given ;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene—in Heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom :
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of Heaven !

W. B. Tappan.

Hymn to Night.

Suggested by the bas-relief of Thorwaldsen.



ES ! bear them to their rest ;
 The rosy babe, tired with the glare
 of day,
 The prattler, fallen asleep e'en in his
 play ;
 Clasp them to thy soft breast,
 O Night ;
 Bless them in dreams with a deep-hushed delight.

Yet must they wake again,
Wake soon to all the bitterness of life,
The pang of sorrow, the temptation strife,
Ay, to the conscience pain :
O Night,
Canst thou not take with them a longer flight ?

Canst thou not bear them far
E'en now, all innocent, before they know
The taint of sin, its consequence of woe,
The world's distracting jar,
O Night,
To some ethereal, holier, happier height ?

Canst thou not bear them up,
Through starlit skies, far from this planet dim
And sorrowful, e'en while they sleep, to Him
Who drank for us the cup,
O Night,
The cup of wrath, for hearts in faith contrite ?

To Him, who for them slept
A babe all lowly on his mother's knee,
And from that hour to cross-crowned Calvary,
In all our sorrows wept,
O Night,
That on our souls might dawn Heaven's cheering
light ?

Go, lay their little heads
Close to that human heart, with love Divine
Deep-beating, while His arms immortal twine
 Around them, as He sheds,
 O Night,
On them a brother's grace of God's own boundless
 might.

Let them immortal wake
Among the deathless flowers of Paradise ;
Where angel-songs of welcome with surprise
 This their last sleep may break,
 O Night,
And to celestial joy their kindred souls invite.

There can come no sorrow ;
The brow shall know no shade, the eye no tears,
For, ever young, through Heaven's eternal years,
 In one unfading morrow,
 O Night,
Nor sin, nor age, nor pain, their cherub beauty
 blight.

Would we could sleep as they,
So stainless, and so calm, at rest with thee,—
And only wake in immortality !
 Bear us with them away,
 O Night,
To that ethereal, holier, happier height !

George W. Bethune.

Holy Resignation.

WHEN sorrow casts its shades around,
And pleasure seems our course to shun ;
When naught but grief and care are
found,
'Tis sweet to say, "Thy will be done."

When sickness lends its pallid hue,
And every dream of bliss has flown,
When quickly from the fading view
Recede the joys that once were known ;

The soul resigned will still rejoice,
Though life's last sand has nearly run ;
With humble faith and trembling voice,
It still responds, "Thy will be done."

When called to mourn the early doom
Of one affection held most dear,
While drops upon the closing tomb
The silent, the expressive tear ;

Though love its tribute sad will pay,
And earthly streams of solace shun,
Still, still the gracious soul will say,
In lowly dust, "Thy will be done."

Whatever, Lord, thou hast designed
 To bring my soul to thee, its trust,
 If mercies, or afflictions kind,
 (For all thy dealings, Lord, are just)

Take all, but grant, in goodness free,
 That love which ne'er thy stroke would shun;
 Support this heart, and strengthen me
 To say in faith, " Thy will be done."

W. B. Tappan.

The Morning Star.

 ENIGHTED on the troubrous main
 While stormy terrors clothe the sky,
 The trembling voyager strives in vain,
 And naught but stern despair is nigh :
 When, lo ! a gem of peerless light,
 With radiant splendour shines afar ;
 And through the clouds of darkest night,
 Appears the bright and morning star.

With joy he greets the cheering ray,
 That beams on ocean's weary breast ;
 Precursor of a smiling day,
 It lulls his fears to peaceful rest :

No more in peril shall he roam,
For night and danger now are far ;
With steady helm he enters home,
His guide the bright and morning star.

Thus when affliction's billows roll,
And waves of sorrow and of sin
Beset the fearful, weeping soul,
And all is dark and drear within ;
'Tis Jesus, whispering strains of peace,
Drives every doubt and fear afar ;
He bids the raging tempest cease,
And shine the bright and morning star.

W. B. Tappan.

Gone ?

 NOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given ;
And glows once more with angel-steps,
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of autumn time
Has left us, with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay ;
No shadow from the Silent Land
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star,
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed,
Eternal as the sky ;
And like the brook's low song, her voice,
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew,
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look ;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book :

The measure of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move ;
The breathing of an inward psalm ;
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light ;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet "Good-night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers :
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled,
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, oh Father ! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here
 Distrusted all her powers,
 May welcome to her holier home
 The well beloved of ours.

J. G. Whittier.

The Christian's Death.

IFT not thou the wailing voice,
 Weep not, 'tis a Christian dieth.
 Up, where blessed saints rejoice,
 Ransomed now, the spirit flieh ;
 High in heaven's own light, she dwelleth ;
 Full the song of triumph swelleth ;
 Freed from earth and earthly failing,
 Lift for her no voice of wailing.

Pour not thou the bitter tear ;
 Heaven its book of comfort opeth ;
 Bids thee sorrow not, nor fear,
 But as one who always hopeth,
 Humbly here in faith relying,
 Peacefully in Jesus dying,
 Heavenly joy her eye is flushing
 Why should thine with tears be gushing ?

They who die in Christ are blest.
Ours be, then, no thought of grieving ;
Sweetly with their God they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving.
So be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope that every trial braveth,
Love that to the end endureth,
And, through Christ, the crown securerh.

G. W. Doane.

The Pious Dead.

HEY dread no storm that lowers,
No perished joys bewail ;
They pluck no thorn-clad flowers,
Nor drink of streams that fail :
There is no tear-drop in their eye,
Nor change upon their brow ;
The placid bosom heaves no sigh,
Though all earth's idols bow.

Who are so greatly blest ?
From whom hath sorrow fled ?
Who find such deep unbroken rest,
While all things toil ?—the dead :

The pious dead ! Why weep ye so
 Above their sable bier ?
 Thrice blessed, they have done with woe :
 The living claim the tear.

We dream, but they awake ;
 Dark visions mar our rest ;
 Mid thorns and snares our way we take,
 And yet we mourn the blest !
 For those who throng the eternal throne,
 Lost are the tears we shed :
 They are the living, they alone,
 Whom thus we call the dead.

Mrs. Sigourney.

Faith.

~~W~~RAPT in the robe of Faith,
 Come to the place of prayer,
 And seal thy deathless vows to Him
 Who makes thy life his care.

Doth he thy sunny skies
 O'ercloud with tempest gloom ?
 Or take the idol of thy breast
 And hide it in the tomb ?

Or bid thy treasured joys
In hopeless ruin lie?
Search not his reasons,—wait his will;
The record is on high.

For should he strip thy heart
Of all it loves on earth,
And set thee naked and alone,
As at thy day of birth;

He cannot do thee wrong,
Those gifts were his at first,—
Draw nearer to his changeless throne,
Bow deeper in the dust.

Calls he thy parting soul,
Unbodied, from the throng?
Cling closer to thy Saviour's cross,
And raise the victor's song.

Mrs. Sigourney.

Hymn in Sickness.

ATHER! thy gentle chastisement
Falls kindly on my burdened soul;
I see its merciful intent,
To warn me back to thy control;
And pray, that, while I kiss the rod,
I may find perfect peace with God.

The errors of my heart I know ;
 I feel my deep infirmities ;
 For often virtuous feelings glow
 And holy purposes arise,
 But, like the morning clouds, decay,
 As empty, though as fair, as they.

Forgive the weakness I deplore ;
 And let thy peace abound in me,
 That I may trust my heart no more,
 But wholly cast myself on thee.
 Oh, let my Father's strength be mine,
 And my devoted life be thine.

Henry Ware, Jun.

Going Home.

Suggested by the Words of a dying Friend—"Before morning I shall be at Home."



OME ! Home ! its glorious threshold,
 Through parting clouds I see,
 Those mansions by a Saviour bought,
 Where I have longed to be.
 And, lo ! a bright unnumbered host
 O'erspread the heavenly plain,
 Not one is silent—every harp
 Doth swell th' adoring strain.

Fain would my soul be praising
Amid that sinless throng,
Fain would my voice be raising
Its everlasting song.
Hark ! hark ! they bid me hasten
To leave the fainting clay,
Friends ! Hear ye not the welcome sound
“ Arise, and come away ! ”

Before the dawn of morning
These dark skies shall grow bright,
I shall have joined their company
Above this realm of night.
Give thanks, ye weeping loved ones,
Thanks to th’ Eternal King,
Who crowns my soul with victory,
And plucks from Death his sting.

Mrs. Sigourney.

The Angel of Patience.

 O weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God’s meekest angel gently comes :
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again ;
And yet in tenderest love, our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
 There's rest in his still countenance !
 He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
 Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;
 But ills and woes he may not cure
 He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm
 Our feverish brows with cooling palm :
 To lay the storms of hope and fear,
 And reconcile life's smile and tear ;
 The throbs of wounded pride to still,
 And make our own our Father's will !

Oh ! thou who mournest on thy way,
 With longings for the close of day ;
 He walks with thee, that angel kind,
 And gently whispers, " Be resigned :
 Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
 The dear Lord ordereth all things well ! "

J. G. Whittier.

Chastening Love.

MY God, I thank thee ! may no thought
 E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;
 But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
 Calm each wild wish and idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
Thy sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine *equal* mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And, mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore Thy will !

Andrews Norton.

Fortitude.



AIN'T not, poor traveller, though thy
way
Be rough, like that thy SAVIOUR trod ;
Though cold and stormy lower the day,
This path of suffering leads to GOD.

Nay, sink not ; though from every limb
Are starting drops of toil and pain ;
Thou dost but share the lot of Him
With whom his followers are to reign.

Thy friends are gone, and thou, alone,
Must bear the sorrows that assail ;
Look upward to th' eternal throne,
And know a Friend who cannot fail.

Bear firmly ; yet a few more days,
And thy hard trial will be past ;
Then, wrapt in glory's opening blaze,
Thy feet will rest in heaven at last.

Christian ! Thy Friend, thy Master prayed
When dread and anguish shook his frame,
Then met his sufferings undismayed !
Wilt thou not strive to do the same ?

O ! think'st thou that his Father's love
Shone round him then with fainter rays
Than now, when, throned all height above,
Unceasing voices hymn his praise !

Go, sufferer ! calmly meet the woes
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear ;
Then, rising as thy SAVIOUR rose,
Go ! his eternal victory share.

Andrews Norton.





HYMNS

DIDACTIC AND HORTATORY.



Put on the whole Armour of God.

MY YOUNG soldier of the Cross, beware !
A watchful foe besets thy way,
His bow is ready bent to slay
Thy soul unarmed and bare :—
Gird on thine armour for the fight,
Close on the left hand and the right.

Let truth's pure girdle belt thee round,
Let Christ's own righteousness complete
Protect thy breast, and be thy feet
With Gospel fitness bound ;
Thy shield be Faith's unchanging light,
Salvation's hope thy helmet bright.

Grasp in thy hand that potent sword
 In Heaven's high armoury prepared,
 Quick to attack, and strong to guard—
 The weapon of God's Word ;
 Then, strong in prayer, pursue thy way,
 Nor foe shall crush nor arrow slay !

Joseph H. Clinch.

Religion in Youth.

 F thou dost truly seek to live
 With all the joys that life can give ;
 If thy young feet would gladly press
 The ways of peace and happiness ;

Go thou, with fresh and fervent love,
 To Him who dwells in light above,
 Who sees ten thousand suns obey,
 Yet listens when the lowly pray.

Cling thou to Jesus faithfully,
 As vines embrace their guardian tree ;
 Nor shame thy pure and lofty creed ;
 Be His in thought, and word, and deed ;

And thou shalt breathe in this low world,
An eagle chained, with wings unfurled,
Prepared, when once thy bonds are riven,
To soar away, and flee to Heaven.

James Gilborne Lyons.

The Child Christ.

ESUS a child his course begun,
How radiant dawning his heavenly day !
And those who such a race would run
As early should be on their way.

His Father's business was his care ;
Yet in man's favour still he grew :
O, might we learn, by thought and prayer,
Like him a work of love to do !

For all mankind he came, nor yet
An infant's visit would deny ;
Nor friend nor mother did forget
In his last hour of agony.

O children ask him to impart
That spirit clear, that temper mild,
Which made the mother in her heart
Keep all the sayings of her child

Bless Him who said, of such as you
 His Father's kingdom is, and still
 His yoke to bear, his work to do,
 Study his life to learn his will.

M. F. Ossoli.

“Stand like an Anvil.”

*The Message of Ignatius to Polycarp **

“ STAND like an anvil,” when the stroke
 Of stalwart men falls fierce and
 fast ;
 Storms but more deeply root the oak,
 Whose brawny arms embrace the
 blast.

“ Stand like an anvil,” when the sparks
 Fly far and wide, a fiery shower ;
 Virtue and truth must still be marks,
 Where malice proves its want of power.

“ Stand like an anvil,” when the bar
 Lies, red and glowing, on its breast ;
 Duty shall be life's leading star,
 And conscious innocence, its rest.

* Both the giver and the receiver of this message fulfilled the injunction, and died the death of martyrs.

“ Stand like an anvil,” when the sound
Of pond’rous hammers pains the ear ;
Thine, but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

“ Stand like an anvil ;” noise and heat
Are born of earth, and die with time ;
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

Bishop Doane.

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.

 HE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, “ Sinner, come :”
The bride, the church of Christ, pro-
claims
To all His children, “ Come !”

Let him that heareth say
To all about him, “ Come !”
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come !

.Yea, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
’Tis Jesus bids him come.

Lo ! Jesus, who invites,
 Declares, " I quickly come ; "
 Lord, even so ! we wait thine hour ;
 O blest Redeemer, come !

Bishop Onderdonk.

The Victory of Life.



ONCE made search, in hope to find
 Abiding peace of mind.

I toiled for riches—as if these
 Could bring the spirit ease !

I turned aside to books and lore,
 Still baffled as before.

I tasted then of love and fame,
 But hungered still the same.

I chose the sweetest paths I knew,
 Where only roses grew.

Then fell a voice from out the skies,
 With message in this wise :

" O my disciple ! is it meet
 That roses tempt thy feet ?

Thy Master, even for his head,
 Had only thorns instead ! "

Then, drawn as by a heavenly grace,
I left the flowery place,

And walked on cutting flints and stones.
I said with tears and groans :

“ O Lord! my feet, where thou dost lead,
Shall follow though they bleed ! ”

As then I saw He chose my path
For discipline, not wrath,

I walked in weakness, till at length
I suffered unto strength.

Nor ever were my trials done,
But straightway new begun.

For when I learned to cast disdain
Upon some special pain,

He gave me sharper strokes to bear,
And pierced me to despair :

Until, so sorely was I prest,
I broke beneath the test,

And fell within the tempter’s power.
Yet in the evil hour,

Bound hand and foot, I cried, “ O Lord !
Break thou the threefold cord !”

And while my soul was at her prayer,
He snatched me from the snare.

I then approached the gate of death,
Where, struggling for my breath,

I smote my coward knees in fear,
Aghast to stand so near !

Yet when I shivered in the gloom,
Down-gazing in the tomb,

“ O Lord !” I cried, “ bear thou my sin,
And I will enter in !”

But He by whom my soul was tried
Not yet was satisfied.

For then he crushed me with a blow
Of more than mortal woe,

Till bitter death had been relief
To my more bitter grief.

Yet, bleeding, panting in the dust,
I knew his judgment just ;

And, as a lark with broken wing
Sometimes has heart to sing,

So I, all shattered, still could raise
To his dear name the praise!

Henceforth I know a holy prayer
To conquer pain and care.

For when my struggling flesh grows faint,
And murmurs with complaint,

My spirit cries, **THY WILL BE DONE!**
And finds the victory won.

Theodore Tilton.

The Purer Path.

 O bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still ;
No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,
We felt the falling of the dew ;
Far from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side
We saw the hill-tops glorified,—
A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom :
With them the sunset's rosy bloom ;
While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod
We gazed upon the hills of God,
Whose light seemed not of moon or sun,
We spoke not, but our thought was one.

We paused as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before ;
And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear !

Sudden our pathway turned from night ;
The hills swung open to the light ;
Through their green gates the sunshine
showed ;
A long, slant splendour downward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled ;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold ;
And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side !

“ So,” prayed we, “ when our feet draw near
The river, dark with mortal fear,
And the night cometh chill with dew,
O Father!—let thy light break through!

So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!
So let the eyes that fail on earth
On thy eternal hills look forth;
And in thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below!”

J. G. Whittier.

The Good Pastor.

 HOU art to be a priest in holy things;
A minister of thy great Maker, God!
Oh! all of earth that to thy earth-heart
clings,

And all the bribe-gifts that the fair world brings,
All that the Tempter's voice most sweetly sings,
Calling thy spirit to come forth, abroad;
Oh, not for thee,—they must not be for thee!
What they have been, no more must ever be.

In Christ's eternal priesthood thou wilt share,
To reconcile to God his sinful sons:
Ambassador from God, thou, too, shalt wear
His very person, and thy tongue shall dare
In Christ's stead, to beseech the erring ones.

Who is enough for this far-reaching work ?
At whose poor heart doth not the vile worm lurk ?
This priceless trust in earthen case is set :
Who holds it falls, if he do once forget
In God's gift, only, might and worth are met.
When, in Christ's name and stead, thou shalt beseech,
His loving Gospel to the others preach,
And pledges of God's grace share forth to each,
When other hearts lie open to thine own,
Eyes trusting look to thee, as on a throne ;
Nothing but Christ's rich blood can for thyself atone.

Bethink thee, well, how one may speak true blame
Of deadly sin, and load it thick with shame ;
One may bear charge for God and take Christ's name,
And yet, at reckoning, may be cast off,
A woe to loving ones, to friends a scoff.
But oh, what deeper loss shall his be, then,
Who, of his priesthood, made a lure to men !
Who drew in weaker souls, and led them wrong :
His Gospel but a witching, wicked song !
Where, out of God's great love, shall that bad
wretch belong !

Lift up thy faith beyond the inner sky
Where, in deep peace, God ever sits on high :
Amid all sounds which meet there in his praise,—
Which worlds and hosts, cherubs and seraphs raise
To Him, far off and near, Ancient of Days,

One, only God, thrice Holy Three in One,
Beyond time's death, as ere time was begun,
There He that calls thee in dread stillness sits,
While, flashing everywhere, high, glorious music
fits.

To Him the rain-drop plashing on the sea,
The wing'd seed wafted from the forest-tree,
The insect's flutterings, and the sun's swift ray
Kindling up countless atoms in its way,—
Each after each, to bring to earth the day—
All things are seen, all, all are heard,—yet He
Hears thy thoughts moving in the midst of thee.
Let not the busy world, with its loud din,
Let not the sweet, enticing calls of sin,
Let nothing draw thine ear from God's still voice
within !

He sees thee all ; the flashing of an eye ;
The changing cheek ; the bosom swelling high ;
Yea the first impulse of the peaceful blood,
Ere, with fell passion's surge, it rushes to its flood.
He sees the little pictures spread within
Thy mind's deep chambers, where no eye can
win,
As if no other thing on earth's smooth face,
But thou, alone, in clearest light had place :
As if He looked on thee and thee alone,
Thus open standest thou : thus seen, thus known.

Look not on wrong, nor let the Tempter dare
To find a back-way up into thy heart,
And open all his cursed, tempting ware
To bargain with thee for thy better part.
Thou hast no secrets that are hid from God ;
Thine inmost places by his feet are trod :
Hast thou sin there ? it lies before his sight :
Die, if thou must, but cast it from thee, quite !

If thou hast ever taken gifts of Hell
And then repented, and hast thrown them out,
And swept all clean (while bloody tear-drops fell)
And scattered holy balms, the place about ;
Search yet again ; thou knowest but too well
If thine own hand have somewhere laid away
Some sin that penitence might overlook,
To come to light, some time, and draw astray
Thy weaker thoughts, or, at the dreadful day,
To stand revealed, and damn thee from God's Book.

The spirit, like the wind that wears no form
In wooing summer-breath, or ruthless storm,
Breaks up the dark heart's strongly-frozen deep,
Or lays the whirl of earthly lusts to sleep.
He, only, is thy strength and warmth and light :
Trust well thy faith in Him, where faith is sight.

Robert Lowell.

Light and Love.

“God is light;” “God is love.”



IGHT waits for us in Heaven : Inspiring thought !
That when the darkness all is over-
past,
The beauty which the Lamb of God has bought
Shall flow about our saved souls at last,
And wrap them from all night-time and all woe :
The Spirit and the Word assure us so.

LOVE lives for us in Heaven : Oh, not so sweet
Is the May dew which mountain flowers enclose,
Nor golden raining of the winnowed wheat,
Nor blushing out of the brown earth, of rose,
Or whitest lily, as, beyond time's wars,
The silvery rising of these two twin stars !

Alice Cary.

A Psalm of Life.



ELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow.

Keep Silence.

*"The Lord is in His holy temple ; let all the earth keep silence before Him."**



KEEP silence, Pride ! What dost thou
here,
With the frail sons of clay ?
How dar'st thou in God's courts appear,
Where contrite spirits pray !

Keep silence, wild and vexing Care !
Six weary days are thine,
Thy seed to sow, thy chaff to share ;
Steal not the day Divine !

Keep silence, Sorrow ! Faith can tell
With what sublime intent,
Thou, to the bosom's inmost cell,
By Heaven's right hand wast sent.

* Hab. ii. 20.

Keep silence, Avarice, with thy hoard
 So boasted, yet so base !
 Think'st thou the money-changer's hoard
 Hath here a fitting place ?

Keep silence, vain and worldly Joy !
 Foam on, Time's tossing wave !
 Why lure him with a treacherous toy,
 Who trembles o'er the grave ?

Keep silence, Earth ! The Lord is here,
 Thy great Creator blest !
 His word of wisdom formed thy sphere,
 Keep thou his day of rest.

Mrs. Sigourney.

Saturday Evening.

HILE the solemn note of Time
 Warns me of his hasty tread ;
 While the silent march of days,
 Tells—another week hath fled ;
 While the busy hum of toil,
 Works of care and labour cease ;
 While the six days' weary strife
 Yields to holy, welcome peace,—
 Let me all the past review ;
 Much hath Heaven bestowed on me,
 Much have I to folly given ;
 God ! what have I done for thee ?

Nearer to my final hour,
Am I sealed with Jesus' blood?
Nearer to eternity,
Am I nearer to my God?
Hasten, pilgrim! on thy way,
Gird thee at the martyr's shrine;
Hasten, pilgrim! why delay?
Immortality is thine.

W. B. Tappan.

Show us the Father.

AVE ye not *seen* Him, when, through
parted snows,
Wake the first kindlings of the vernal
green?
When, 'neath its modest veil, the arbutus blows,
And the pure snow-drop bursts its leafy screen?
When the wild rose, that asks no florist's care,
Unfoldeth its rich leaves, have ye not seen Him
there?
Have ye not *heard* Him when the tuneful rill
Casts off its icy chains, and leaps away?
In thunders echoing loud from hill to hill?
In songs of birds at break of summer's day?
Or, in the ocean's everlasting roar,
Battling the old grey rocks, that sternly guard his
shore?

Amid the stillness of the Sabbath morn,
 When vexing cares in tranquil slumbers rest,
 When in the heart the holy thought is born,
 And Heaven's high impulse fires the waiting
 breast,
 Have ye not *felt* Him whilst your kindling prayer,
 Swelled out in tones of praise, announcing God
 was there?

*Show us the Father!** If ye fail to trace
 His chariot where the stars majestic roll,
 His pencil, 'mid earth's loveliness and grace,
 His presence in the Sabbath of the soul,
 How can you see him till the day of dread,
 When to assembled worlds the book of doom is
 read?

Mrs. Sigourney.

Mistaken Grief.

*"There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are
 at rest."*

E mourn for those who toil,
 The wretch who ploughs the main,
 The slave who hopeless tills the soil
 Beneath the stripe and chain;

* John iv. 8.

For those who in the world's hard race,
O'erwearied and unblest,
A host of gliding phantom's chase :
Why mourn for those who rest ?

We mourn for those who sin,
Bound in the tempter's snare,
Whom syren pleasure beckoneth in
To prisons of despair ;
Whose hearts, by whirlwind passions torn,
Are wrecked on folly's shore ;
But why in anguish should we mourn
For those who sin no more ?

We mourn for those who weep,
Whom stern afflictions bend,
Despairing, o'er the last long sleep
Of lover or of friend ;
But they who Jordan's swelling tide
No more are called to stem,
Whose tears the hand of God hath dried,
Why should we weep for them ?

Mrs. Sigourney.

Evening Thoughts.

 EHOULD the western evening light,
It melts in deepening gloom ;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low ; the quivering leaf
 Scarce whispers from the tree ;
 So gently flows the parting breath,
 When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
 The purple light is shed !
 'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
 To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering crowd
 The sunset beam is cast !
 'Tis like the memory left behind,
 When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,
 The yellow star appears ;
 So faith springs in the heart of those
 Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
 Its glory shall restore,
 And eyelids that are sealed in death,
 Shall wake to close no more.*

Peabody.

* Psalm xxx. 5 ; Zech. xiv. 7 ; Rev. ii. 28.

Moonrise.

HE Moon is up ! how calm and slow
She wheels above the hill !
The weary winds forget to blow,
And all the world lies still.

The way-worn travellers, with delight,
The rising brightness see,
Revealing all the paths and plains
And gilding every tree.

It glistens where the hurrying stream
Its little ripple leaves ;
It falls upon the forest shade,
And sparkles on the leaves.

So once, on Judah's evening hills,
The heavenly lustre spread !
The Gospel sounded from the blaze,
And shepherds gazed with dread

And still that light upon the world
Its guiding splendour throws :
Bright in the opening hours of life,
But brighter at the close.

The waning Moon, in time, shall fail
 To walk the midnight skies ;
 But God hath kindled this bright light
 With fire that neyer dies.

Peabody.

Christian Activity.

WOULDST thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
 Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?
 Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
 Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold?
 'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold
 Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
 Its life and beauty; not when, all unrolled,
 Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair
 Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
 Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night
 When death is waiting for thy numbered hours
 To take their swift and everlasting flight;
 Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,

And be thy thoughts to work divine address ;
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might ;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely
kind ;
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,
Shalt bless the earth, when in the world above,
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow ;
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in Heaven's immortal
bowers.

Wilcox.

Christ's Voice in the Soul.

“Come ye yourselves into a desert place and rest awhile: for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat.”

MED the mad whirl of life, its dim confusion,
Its jarring discords and poor vanity,
Breathing like music over troubled
waters,
What gentle voice, O Christian, speaks to thee?

It is a stranger—not of earth or earthly;
By the serene, deep fulness of that eye,
By the calm, pitying smile, the gesture lowly,
It is thy Saviour as he passeth by.

“Come, come,” he saith, “into a desert place,
Thou who art weary of life’s lower sphere;
Leave its low strifes, forget its babbling noise;
Come thou with me—all shall be bright and clear.

“Art thou bewildered by contending voices,
Sick, to thy soul, of party noise and strife?
Come, leave it all, and seek that solitude
Where thou shalt learn of Me a purer life.

“ When, far behind, the world’s great tumult dieth,
Thou shalt look back and wonder at its roar ;
But its far voice shall seem to thee a dream,
Its power to vex thy holier life be o’er.

“ There shalt thou learn the secret of a power,
Mine to bestow, which heals the ills of living ;
To overcome by love, to live by prayer,
To conquer man’s worst evils by forgiving.”

Mrs. Stowe.

Trust in God.

“ *I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Wait on the Lord : be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart : wait, I say, on the Lord.*”



CHILD of sorrow, child of care
Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear,
And escape from every snare,
Trust in God alone :
Human strength is weak and vain,
Let not sin its power regain ;
Humbly ask and help obtain
From thy Father’s throne.

Hast thou in this vale of tears,
Gloomy doubts, distracting fears,
'Painful months and sorrowing years,
 To the Saviour fly :
He that drank the bitter cup,
Bids thee in his mercy hope,
Let thy prayer be lifted up
 To his throne on high.

Thomas Hastings.





HYMNS
FOR THE
CHRISTIAN SEASONS.



Advent.

“Rejoice in the Lord alway ; and again I say, Rejoice. The Lord is at hand.”

NOW gird your patient loins again,
Your wasting torches trim ;
The Chief of all the sons of men—
Who will not welcome Him ?
Rejoice ! the hour is near ; at length
The Journeyer on his way
Comes in the greatness of his strength
To keep his holy day.

L

With cheerful hymns and garlands sweet,
 Along his wintry road,
 Conduct him to his green retreat,
 His sheltered, safe abode ;
 Fill all his courts with sacred songs,
 And from the temple wall
 Wave verdure o'er the joyful throngs
 That crowd his festival.

And still more greenly in the mind
 Store up the hopes sublime
 Which then are born for all mankind,
 So blessed was the time ;
 And underneath these hallowed eaves
 A Saviour will be born
 In every heart that him receives
 On his triumphal morn.

William Croswell.

The Two Advents.



E came not, with His heavenly crown,
 his sceptre clad with power,
 His coming was in feebleness, the infant
 of an hour ;
 An humble manger cradled, first, the Virgin's holy
 birth,
 And lowing herds companioned there, the Lord of
 Heaven and earth.

He came not in his robe of wrath, with arm out-stretched to slay ;
But on the darkling paths of earth, to pour celestial day,
To guide in peace the wandering feet, the broken heart to bind,
And bear, upon the painful cross, the sins of human kind.

And thou hast borne them, Saviour meek ! and therefore unto thee,
In humbleness, and gratitude, our hearts shall offered be ;
And greenly, as the festal bough, that, on thy altar lies,
Our souls, our bodies, all be thine, a living sacrifice !

Yet once again, thy sign shall be, upon the heavens displayed,
And earth, and its inhabitants, be terribly afraid ;
For, not in weakness clad, thou com'st our woes, our sins, to bear,
But girt with all thy Father's might, His vengeance to declare.

The terrors of that awful day, Oh ! who shall understand ?
Or, who abide, when thou in wrath, shalt lift thy holy hand ?

The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar, the sun
 in heaven grow pale,
 But thou hast sworn, and wilt not change, thy
 faithful wilt not fail.

Then grant us, Saviour! so to pass our time in
 trembling, here,
 That when, upon the clouds of heaven, thy glory
 shall appear,
 Uplifting high our joyful heads, in triumph we may
 rise,
 And enter, with thine angel-train, thy temple,
 in the skies !

Bishop Doane.

Christmas Morning.



ALM on the listening ear of night
 Come Heaven's melodious strains,
 Where wild Judea stretches far
 O'er silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs from courts above
 Shed sacred glories there ;
 And angels with their sparkling lyres
 Make music in the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply ;
And greet from all their holy heights
The Dayspring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm :
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

“ Glory to God !” the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring ;
“ Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
From Heaven’s eternal King.”

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
The Saviour now is born,
And bright on Bethlehem’s joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

E. H. Sears.

The Angels’ Song.

 T came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold.

“ Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
 From Heaven’s all-gracious King :”
 The world in solemn stillness lay
 To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
 With peaceful wings unfurled ;
 And still their heavenly music floats
 O’er all the weary world :
 Above its sad and lowly plains
 They bend on hovering wing,
 And ever o’er its Babel sounds
 The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
 The world has suffered long ;
 Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
 Two thousand years of wrong ;
 And man at war with man hears not
 The love-song which they bring ;
 Oh ! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
 And hear the angels sing !

And ye, beneath life’s crushing load,
 Whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way
 With painful steps and slow ;

Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
Oh ! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing !

For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold :
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. Sears.

Christmas Bells.

 THE bells—the bells—the Christmas bells
How merrily they ring !
As if they felt the joy they tell
To every human thing.
The silvery tones, o'er vale and hill,
Are swelling soft and clear,
As wave on wave, the tide of sound
Fills the bright atmosphere.

The bells—the merry Christmas bells,
They're ringing in the morn !
They ring when in the eastern sky
The golden light is born ;
They ring, as sunshine tips the hills,
And gilds the village spire,
When, through the sky, the sovereign sun
Rolls his full orb of fire.

The Christmas bells—the Christmas bells,
How merrily they ring !
To weary hearts a pulse of joy,
A kindlier life they bring.
The poor man on his couch of straw,
The rich on downy bed,
Hail the glad sounds, as voices sweet
Of angels overhead.

The bells—the silvery Christmas bells,
O'er many a mile they sound !
And household tones are answering them
In thousand homes around.
Voices of childhood, blithe and shrill,
With youth's strong accents blend,
And manhood's deep and earnest tones
With woman's praise ascend.

The bells—the solemn Christmas bells,
They're calling us to prayer ;
And hark, the voice of worshippers
Floats on the morning air.
Anthems of noblest praise there'll be,
And glorious hymns to-day,
TE DEUMS loud and GLORIAS :
Come, to the Church,—away.

John W. Brown.

The Epiphany.

WE come not with a costly store,
O Lord ! like them of old,
The masters of the starry lore,
From Ophir's shores of gold ;
No weepings of the incense tree
Are with the gifts we bring,
No odorous myrrh of Araby
Blends with our offering.

But still our love would bring its best ;
A spirit keenly tried
By fierce affliction's fiery test,
And seven times purified.
The fragrant graces of the mind,
The virtues that delight
To give their perfume out, will find
Acceptance in thy sight.

Easter.

ONCE more thou comest, O delicious Spring !
 And as thy light and gentle footsteps tread
 Among earth's glories, desolate and dead,
 Breathest revival over everything.
 Thy genial spirit is abroad to bring
 The cold and faded into life and bloom,
 Emblem of that which shall unlock the tomb,
 And take away the fell destroyer's sting.
 Therefore thou hast the warmer welcoming :
 For Nature speaks not of herself alone,
 But in her resurrection tells our own.
 As from its grave comes forth the buried grain,
 So man's frail body, in corruption sown,
 In incorruption shall be raised again.

William Croswell.

Easter Thoughts.

HE mourners came, at break of day,
 Unto the garden sepulchre,
 With saddened hearts to weep and pray
 For Him, the loved one, buried there.
 What radiant light dispels the gloom ?
 An angel sits beside the tomb.

The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
All sepulchre'd beneath the snow,
When wint'ry winds and chilling frost
Have laid her summer glories low ;
The spring returns, the flow'rets bloom,
An angel sits beside the tomb.

Then mourn we not, beloved dead,
E'en while we come to weep and pray ;
The happy spirit hath but fled
To brighter realms of heavenly day !
Immortal hope dispels the gloom,
An angel sits beside the tomb.

Sarah F. Adams.

The Lord is Risen.

OW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom !
Oh ! weep no more the Saviour slain ;
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

Ye mourning saints ! dry every tear
For your departed Lord ;
“ Behold the place—He is not here,”
The tomb is all unbarred :
The gates of death were closed in vain :
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

Now cheerful to the house of prayer
 Your early footsteps bend,
 The Saviour will himself be there,
 Your advocate and friend ;
 Once by the law your hopes were slain,
 But now in Christ ye live again.

How tranquil now the rising day !
 'Tis Jesus still appears,
 A risen Lord, to chase away
 Your unbelieving fears :
 Oh ! weep no more your comforts slain,
 The Lord is risen—He lives again.

And when the shades of evening fall,
 When life's last hour draws nigh,
 If Jesus shine upon the soul,
 How blissful then to die :
 Since He has risen who once was slain,
 Ye die in Christ to live again.

T. Hastings.

Even so in Christ shall all be made Alive.

IFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die,
 Vain were the terrors that gathered
 around Him,
 And short the dominion of death and the grave ;

He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound
Him,
Resplendent in glory to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high—
“ The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.”

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy :
The being he gave us, death cannot destroy ;
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our
end ;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to Heaven ascend.
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

H. Ware, Jun.

Pentecost.



THOU in whose eternal name
Went forth the Apostles' ardent host,
Baptize us with the hallowed flame
That fell from Heaven at Pentecost.

The fearless faith that cries “ Repent ! ”
Thy servants' earnest message fill ;
By Thee the living word was sent,
Thy presence make it living still.

And while thy people bend and pray
 Towards thy benignant throne of light,
 Give answer in the dawning day
 Of Freedom, Mercy, Truth, and Right.

Immortal Truth ! it lives in thee ;
 Our hope shall lean on thee alone !
 Thy Christ be all our liberty,
 And all our strength and will Thy own !

Father, whose heavenly kingdom lies
 In every meek believing breast,
 Reveal before thy children's eyes
 That kingdom's coming, and its rest !

Give thy Son's herald, from above,
 The anointing of thy Spirit's breath ;
 The faith that worked in Christ by love,
 The trust that triumphed in his death.

F. D. Huntington.

The Rushing Mighty Wind.

 LOW on, thou mighty Wind,
 And waft to realms unbounded
 The notes of faith and hope and tender
 love
 The Gospel trump hath sounded.

Those sweetly piercing tones,
That charm all wars and tears and groans,
Through earth and sea and sky
Upon thy rushing wings shall fly :
Therefore, thou mighty Wind, blow on.

Blow on, thou mighty Wind ;
For tempest-tossed and lonely,
The Church upon the rolling billows rides,
And trusts in thy breath only.
She spreads her swelling sails
For thee to fill with favouring gales,
Till, through the stormy sea,
Thou bring her home where she would be ;
Therefore, thou mighty Wind, blow on.

Blow on, thou mighty Wind,
On hearts contrite and broken,
And bring in quickening power the gracious
words
That JESU's lips have spoken.
Lo ! then, from death and sleep,
The listening souls to life shall leap ;
Then love shall reign below,
And joy the whole wide world o'erflow :
Therefore, thou mighty Wind, blow on.

To GOD, the FATHER, SON,
 By all in earth and heaven,
 And to the HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One,
 Eternal praise be given :
 As once triumphant rang
 When morning stars together sang ;
 Is now, as aye before,
 And shall be so for evermore,
 World without end. Amen. Amen.

J. H. Hopkins, Jun.

Hymn for Whitsunday.

 REATOR Spirit ! come and bless us ;
 Let thy love and fear possess us ;
 With thy graces meek and lowly
 Purify our spirits wholly.
 Paraclete, the name thou bearest,
 Gift of God the choicest, dearest,
 Love, and fire, and fountain living,
 Spiritual unction giving,
 Shower thy benedictions seven
 From thy majesty in Heaven.
 Be the Saviour's word unbroken,
 Let thy many tongues be spoken ;
 In our sense thy light be glowing,
 Through our souls thy love be flowing ;

Cause the carnal heart to perish,
But the strength of virtue cherish,
Till each enemy repelling,
And thy peace around us dwelling,
We beneath thy guidance glorious,
Stand o'er every ill victorious.

Wm. Croswell.

An Ancient Sacramental Hymn.



BREAD to pilgrims given,
O food that angels eat,
O Manna sent from Heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet !

Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled ;
Till earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled !

O Water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art !
Oh let us freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage !
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

Jesus, this feast receiving,
 We thee unseen adore ;
 Thy faithful word believing,
 We take—and doubt no more ;
 Give us, thou True and Loving,
 On earth to live in thee ;
 Then, Death the veil removing,
 Thy glorious face to see !

Translated by Ray Palmer.

The Close of the Year.



NOTHER year ! another year !
 The unceasing rush of time sweeps on ;
 Whelmed in its surges, disappear
 Man's hopes and fears, for ever gone !

O, no ! forbear that idle tale !
 The hour demands another strain,
 Demands high thoughts that cannot quail,
 And strength to conquer and retain.

'Tis midnight—from the dark-blue sky,
 The stars, which now look down on earth,
 Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,
 And given to countless changes birth.

And when the pyramids shall fall,
And, mouldering, mix as dust in air,
The dwellers on this altered ball
May still behold them glorious there.

Shine on ! shine on ! with you I tread
The march of ages, orbs of light !
A last eclipse o'er you may spread,
To me, to me, there comes no night.

O ! what concerns it him, whose way
Lies upward to th' immortal dead,
That a few hairs are turning gray,
Or one more year of life has fled !

Swift years ! but teach me how to bear,
To feel and act with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare,
And speed your courses as ye will.

When life's meridian toils are done,
How calm, how rich the twilight glow ;
The morning twilight of a sun
Which shines not here on things below.

Press onward through each varying hour ;
Let no weak fears thy course delay ;
Immortal being ! feel thy power,
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

Andrews Norton.

Prayer for the New Year.

ORD ! who, o'erlooking sin and sin,
 Still lengthen'st out my days,
 Let me this new-born year begin
 With love, and prayer, and praise !

As thou, through all the chequered past,
 Hast safely kept my way,
 Secure on thee, until the last,
 I'll lean from day to day.

Whate'er the mercies thou shalt shower,
 Grace be the chiefest gift !
 And heavenward, with its sovereign power,
 My grovelling spirit lift !

And, when these numbered years no more
 Shall mark my fleeting race,
 Provide, upon the eternal shore,
 Even for *me*, a place.

Bishop Eastburn.



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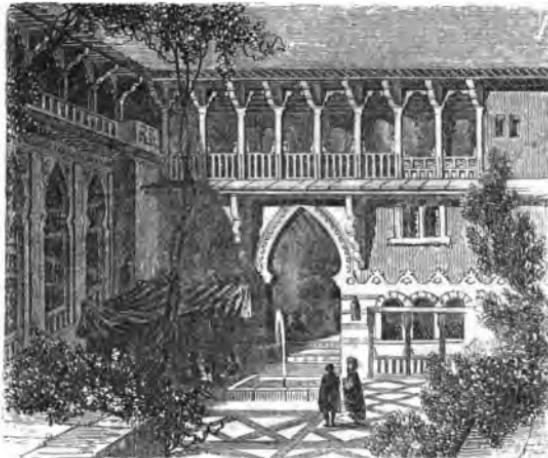


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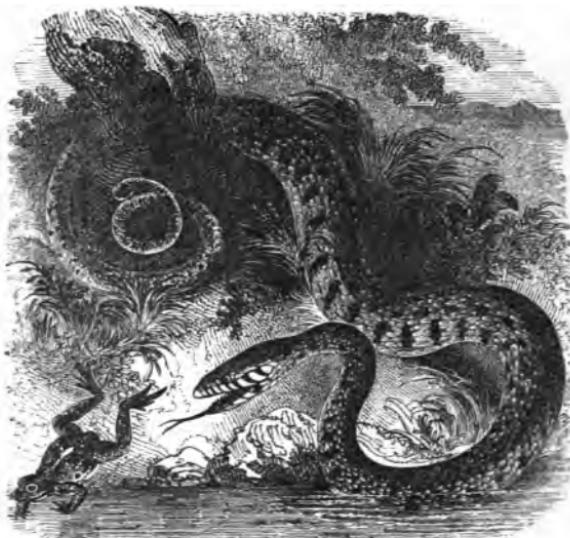
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